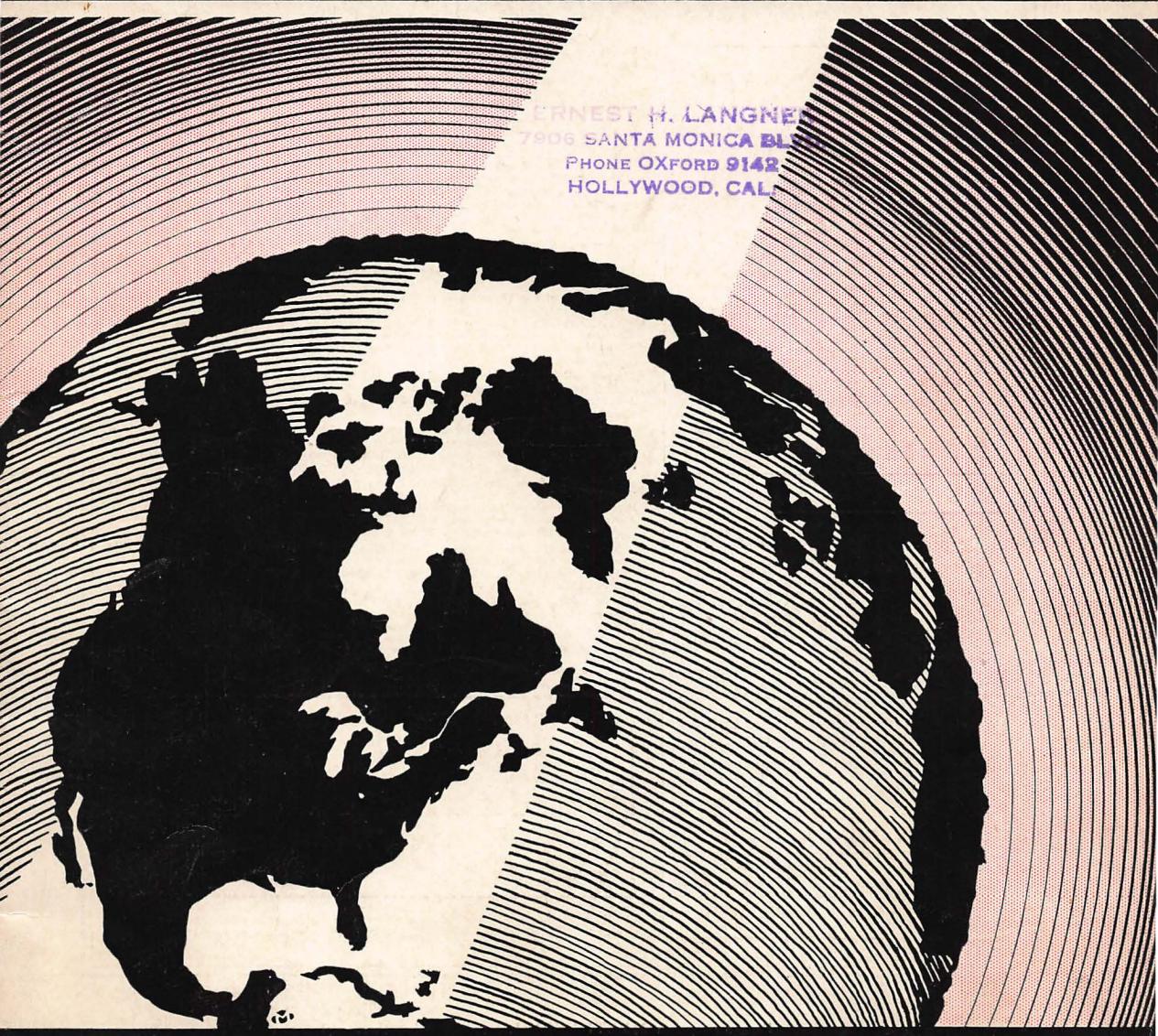


First With Advanced Thinkers

MYSTIC WORLD.

ERNEST H. LANGNER
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• JANUARY, 1931

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The Accumulated Wisdom of 4000 Years of Experience by the FAMOUS HINDU ADEPTS THESE SECRETS

UNIVERSAL ORDER OF OCCULT SCIENCE

Office of Supreme Headquarters
432 Music Arts Studio Building
Los Angeles, California

December 21, 1929.

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First With Advanced Thinkers!

MYSTIC WORLD

Volume I ————— *January, 1931* ————— Number I



FEATURES EXTRAORDINARY

		PAGE
Psycho-Analyzing a Nation	Part I	Charles J. Clarke
"The Beginning of Mind and the End of So-Called Crime" referred by President Hoover to "The Wickersham Commission"		5
"I Got Tired of Being a Failure"	J. John Gilbert	13
Turn failure into success by using your invisible powers		
A Dangerous Pastime	Maris Warrington	36
A True Story of the Occult, where Fools rush in Angels fear to tread		

UNUSUAL ARTICLES

Chinese Pulse Diagnosis	Elvihia Park Boyle	23
The Age-Old Art of Diagnosis Nearly a Lost Art		
Eat Your Way to Beauty	Victor G. Rocine	32
Eat, Drink and Be Beautiful		

OUTSTANDING FICTION

A Check for a Thousand	Harry Stephen Keeler	9
A famous novelist's most dramatic short-story.		
The Last Days of Atlantis	H. Noureddin Addis	25
The story of a forgotten race when men lived like Gods		
In the Bog Lands	Harrie Vernette Rhodes	43
A tale of adventure, mystery and love		

MYSTICAL, ORIENTAL, OCCULT

Western Symbology	Julia Seton, M.D.	41
Numerology and the Roots of Civilization		
The Uttara Gita	Shri Krishna	31
The sequel to The Bhagavad Gita		
The Art of Alchemy	Adirmaled	46
The Secrets of the Ancients Demonstrated		
Astrology Simplified	Charles W. Denicke	50
Lesson I		
Scientific Astrology for Everybody		
Let the Stars Be Your Daily Guide	Our Own Astrologer	54
In Love, Business, Speculation and Travel		
Business Forecast for the Month	By Astrology	59

Editorial, Page 3

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Next Month we have with us—

A rare work of the 16th century has mysteriously been brought to light under the most curious and startling circumstances, which reveals in text, engravings and diagram, the wonderful teachings of the Rosicrucians. As soon as this momentous work has been translated it will be first presented to readers of the Mystic World.

The Ghost Teacher, by a Famous Movie-Actress. This true story comes to us straight from Hollywood, telling how an aspiring girl awaits for years the opportunity to play a star role. The chance of a lifetime is before her. Fearing she may not make good she conjures the spirit of a great movie actress from the land of the living dead! Overshadowed by this great star who came to earth for just one hour—she plays the part with every characteristic of individualism of the actress—she made good, and a great star instantly arose to world fame in Hollywood.

What It's All About. By E. Buckland-Plummer. This distinguished authority, in a daring article, strikes straight from the shoulder. It's high time, he thinks, that we ceased to be

the fools and tools of would-be saviors who mystify a gullible public. While "it's easier to be critical than correct," Mr. Plummer is both!

The Masters of Tibet! You have read of these great masters who live in the Himalays? Read what a great writer has to say about them!

Affirmations for every day in the year start in February issue. Scientific affirmations, honestly repeated, have demonstrated their power to produce results in all fields of human thought.

Julia Seton, M. D.



Exploration Extraordinary, by Walter Scott Haskell, carries you backward in civilization to primeval man and the chants of the jungle, as he tells you of Andrei who finds a tropical paradise in the heart of the frozen North, and then is dramatically lost before the end of his polar expedition.

Getting What You Want, by Mary L. Allen, will strike a keynote in these times. There's a way if there's a will, and through the invisible comes the supply we invoke, according to Miss Allen.

Japan: Through the Eyes of a Mystic. By Julia Seton, M. D. Next month we start our journey along the highways and into the by-ways of this progressive mystical nation.

Numerology in Everyday Life, by Elaine H. Williams, noted writer, will score a hit with practical minds.

Elaine H. Williams



A Short Story by a world-known celebrity will constitute our surprise feature every month.

American Superstitions will take you back to childhood days, and show the inherited influences of age-old superstitions upon the lives of every one of us—even in this "civilized" age.

What Foods to Combine? That's the question that's settled by a noted food authority, who tells you just what foods to combine for health.

The Strange Ways of Genius, by a noted author tells us the intimate eccentricities of famous men and women. You will enjoy this ingenious analysis of genius!

"Tires", by H. F. Jamison, is one

of the weirdest of weird stories. It chills the blood with the inverted magic of a diabolical captain of industry.

Silence, The Lightning Path, by C. F. Russell, will interest the mystical-minded.

Magic Mirrors, by a famous magician, who startled Paris. Whether or not you believe in magic mirrors, it's interesting. Incidentally it gives many a formula that has sold for fabulous sums to those who believe in magic mirrors. Remember the part magic mirrors played in the recent witchcraft craze in Pennsylvania?

Mary L. Allen



Handwriting Analysis, by the world's foremost Grapho-Analyst will feature "the famous Cheiro" next month. Send in your handwriting for analysis. Write in pen and ink, also giving name and address.

"I'm Psychic," by Vincent Jones, will set you to thinking. Being psychic is one thing. Thinking you are psychic is quite another!

New departments, omitted through lack of space in this first issue, will appear beginning with February.

Every issue of Mystic World is a liberal education in itself. Two thousand dollars would not duplicate what we give you for only two dollars—the price of a year's subscription! You will find Mystic World dependable, daring, accurate, penetrating, telling and powerful, the kind of a magazine that you like to read.



H. F. Jamison

Mystic World wishes you for 1931 a prosperous and—

Bonne Année Nouvelle (French)
Feliz Año Nuevo! (Spanish)
Buon Capo d'Anno (Italian)

Boldog Újévet (Hungarian)
Fröhliches Neujahr (German)
Glaedeligt Nytaar (Norwegian)

Godt nytt ar (Swedish)
Stastny Novy Rok (Bohemian)
Een voorspoedig nieuwjaar (Dutch)

In other words—what we want to say is—**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

"All who have affairs in that mystic region, which lies above, or beyond the actual, may here meet and talk over the business of their dreams."—HAWTHORNE.

MYSTIC WORLD

VOLUME 1

JANUARY, 1931

NUMBER 1

Friends—We Are Here!

It is with feelings of genuine gratification, that the editor and publishers offer to the advanced thinkers of today the first issue of the new monthly MYSTIC WORLD which, perhaps for the first time within the history of transcendental literature is self supporting from its first issue. An immediate response of appreciation from our readers, supported by tangible subscriptions, will insure its greater success, bringing still greater features each month, in ratio to the support given it. May the advanced thinkers of this progressive age, to whom it is dedicated, and in whose interests it exists, accept it rather as a pledge of the intention of its founders than as a fulfillment of their whole purpose at this initial stage. This magazine is the only one of its kind on earth, to our knowledge, actually independent of the propaganda of individual, organization or of a rooted idea or belief. The editor takes this opportunity to express his sincere recognition of the invaluable services which have been rendered him, without money and without price, by the many able writers and artists who have contributed to this first issue. By their friendly collaboration the task which he has accepted has become not indeed light, but possible.

HUMANITY, in every age of independent thought, have sought with undying zeal the truth about Life here and hereafter—its origin, purpose, and ultimate goal.

Science, the master robot of this giant age of iron, is awakening to the spiritual light. Having discovered much in the realm of man-made power Science is now beginning to discover God—searching for the soul of things it formerly denied ever existed. First acknowledging the ignorance of their knowledge, they have made the greatest of all discoveries—their failure to answer the riddle of life. Now they seek to discover the Master Keys that unlock the ancient wisdom of the Mystics, whose secret teachings have survived throughout the ages.

The thinker still marvels at the spiritual insight of Lord Bulwer-Lytton and Sir Oliver Lodge who does not fear to give the world his own discoveries about life after death. Now there comes to us recently, over the world radio, from the lips of that eminent English scientist, Sir Arthur Eddington, a few words that have set millions to thinking. He said:

"When from the human heart the cry goes up, 'What is it all about?' it is no true answer to look only at that part of experience which comes to us through the sensory organs . . . rather it is about a spirit in which truth has its

shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfillment in its response to beauty and right . . . the spiritual element in our experience is the creative element. Reason is our great ally in the quest of truth, but reason can only start from premises . . . It means a great deal to me to conceive of God as Him through whom comes power and guidance. We are not without this guidance when we embark on the adventure of spiritual life."

We live in a mystic world of past, present and future. There is no field of thought or activity possible to the mind of man which is not encircled with a belt of mystery by this mystic world. The human mind, ever-changing in its progress, is forever exploring and invading this world of the unknown, the belt of mystery gradually receding before the inroads of intellectual adventure.

If God is in all things, and He made everything perfect, then it is our duty to know all things that contribute to the building of the body beautiful, to the mysteries and power of mind, to know something about that Great Adventure each one of us, alone, must face within a few years—the Eternity of Life beyond. All these things we shall strive to understand in our rendezvous with Life on our way back to God.



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HERBERT A. HOOVER
Thirty-first President of the United States



PSYCHO-ANALYZING A NATION

At the Direction of President Hoover

The original manuscript of this article on "The Beginning of Mind-DISCRIMINATION—The End of So-Called Crime" was laid before the National Commission of Law Observance and Enforcement, commonly known as "The Wickersham Commission." It has created wide interest amongst officials and thinkers. Many of its suggestions have already been adopted by our leading law-makers.

BY CHARLES J. CLARKE

1

IN THE literal or arithmetic, instead of the figurative or algebraic conception of thought, the microcosm, or mind, requires mental elements equal in number to the physical elements of the macrocosm, or outer world, to be able to represent the latter correctly in miniature element for element.*

2

A numerical superiority of elements in the mind is required to make possible memory of past states of existence, and the construction in advance of ideal future states.

3

In our figurative, algebraic, or abbreviated language, we say, in a full mind, not in a mental desert, there can be logical continuity.

4

But only in the integrated double mind and personality of the true genius, not in the divided or disintegrated single mind and personality of the highbrow or false genius, can there be true foresight and invention, or constructive and progressive idealism.

* The words used in this text mean just what the dictionaries say they mean.—The Author.

5

And the integrated double mind of true genius exists only in the minority of mankind. It is from that minority that constructive idealism with progressive ideas and concomitant initiative with true leadership inevitably comes; never from the majority, whose mental parity, if not deficiency, makes it naturally conservative and slow in making a favorable reflex to liberal ideas.

6

From which it conversely followed that in an emergency resulting in a projected so-called "noble experiment" in retrogression, its ballot judgment was prejudiced and necessarily incorrect.

7

It being an accepted fact that selfishness is a trait of the majority of men and women, in a country where the majority, instead of the minority, rules, the lawmakers, who are in name and in fact representatives of the selfish majority, enact laws, which have their origin mostly in selfish motives.

And the logical consequence is that some of the selfish men and women, toward whom the legislation is aimed, and who naturally oppose the statutes which the selfish lawmakers have enacted against them, become statutory lawbreakers, or so-called criminals.

This action and re-action, carried to excess, results in civil war. In fact, and to a certain degree it already is, civil war.

Altruism being only enlightened selfishness or egoism, the degree of intellectual enlightenment indicates inversely the lessened degree of selfishness.

Man, being on the average intellectually enlightened to a greater degree than woman, is to that degree less selfish.

During a temporary insanity, consisting of allowing the increasing unselfishness of his subjective mind or emotional nature to overbalance his intellectual development, man extended suffrage to woman.

There and then he self-evidently befogged the political atmosphere in decreasing the average degree of intellectual enlightenment and at the same time increasing the average degree of selfishness, of the voting majority.

The logical result is that laws and prohibitions with transcendently selfish motives have been enacted, not only concomitantly increasing the menace of civil war, but adding the new menace of sex war.

And to state it frankly, it is the enslaving ignorance of the ruling majority of the people in this country which makes it responsible for the so-called crime, and equally accountable with so-called criminals.

For the lack of intellectual enlightenment, causes the majority, who "have to live," to retain its selfish, dog-in-the-manger-like attitude, and affords no preparation for a receptivity to any other plan for the gaining and retaining of all the truly desirable things, than through the enactment of selfish laws and prohibitions.

It is an observable, and therefore a self-evident, fact, that the increase in true intel-

lectual enlightenment, in contradistinction to the intellectual befogging resulting from the expounding of half-truths in the institutions of so-called learning, is accompanied with a general increase in many very desirable attributes, among which being mental integrity, the common sense of honor, and the willingness to play fair.

With the lowering of the degree of the average true intelligence of the ruling majority, there is increased corruption, or disintegration of the mental personality, in high places, fallen standards of honor shown in the violation of the oath of office, and the unfair practice of using spies to frame and obtain evidence that the so-called enemy is violating statutory law.

The spy is given immunity for his or her violation of the law in return for State's evidence, and thus the character of the spy becomes so degraded and dishonorable that even his or her employer does not escape a certain degree of degradation and dishonor.

Women are now being given equal responsibility without equal accountability with men.

This is shown in judges sanctioning woman's selfish desire for things money can obtain, outweighing her call to motherhood, in annulling marriages on the wife's allegation that the man she married, before marriage was over-optimistic about his financial prospects.

Another instance is in the admitting of women as credible witnesses on equality with men, while refusing to indict them for self-evident perjury, to which means women have resorted to gain their way, or to avenge real or fancied wrongs, since the time of Potiphar's wife.

And upon the technic of the latter, modern women have made so great an advancement, especially in Egypt, that in the medico-legal records of that country, which, like similar ones in this country, are kept secret, along with a large amount of other so-called dangerous data, from the general and voting public for fear of their suggestive influence, there is an incredible continuous history of women, even in cases where theft charges were made to conceal their own perfidy, in addition to perjury, exhibiting wounds, bruises, and other

severe injuries, which required all the resources of an astute physician to prove that they were self-inflicted.

24

This unequal accountability of women has resulted in a noticeable increase in the violation of the statutory laws favoring or protecting women—the actual beginning of sex war.

25

From the foregoing presentation of facts the natural conclusion of the highbrow or false genius would be, that if woman suffrage and the resulting laws and prohibitions, which are responsible for the initial stages of the present actual civil and sex war, are not repealed, or declared unconstitutional in a Supreme Court having true mental integrity, especially after already there has been a loss of 1,500 lives of so-called rebels, equaling two per cent of the total death toll of this country in the world war, the so-called crime wave will be a permanent wave, until increasing to unprecedented heights, it expends itself in the overwhelming and inundating of both the social and the political organization.

26

In the fact that when ignorance becomes aggressive it is usually short-lived, being speedily overcome when it dares to challenge Truth, there is optimism in the hope of another solution, in that women ere long will be enlightened and humiliated sufficiently in the disastrous consequence of their untimely entry into politics, to be willing to aid in averting the threatening final deluge, in a last use of their voting privilege, given to them in men's excess of unselfish devotion, to make a majority vote for the repeal of both state and national woman suffrage, together with those selfish laws and prohibitions, which they aided in enacting, thus again revealing their historic ability to rise to sublime heights of personal self-sacrifice in the cause of salvation.

27

We emphasize here that even the repeal of woman suffrage and also the laws and prohibitions of extreme selfishness which women have helped to enact, while being instrumental in checking the so-called crime wave, would only restore things to the *status quo ante* votes for women, leaving the problem of so-called crime, *per se*, in abeyance.

28

And this final problem is not one to be solved through the aid of a highbrow or false genius, who may gain a limited following in hurling anathemas against the existing govern-

ment; for anathema is just the highbrow word for the so-called profane language, which is the sole argument of the so-called vulgar, or non-intellectual, and into which even the highbrow or false genius occasionally actually or seemingly lapses when confronted with a problem so baffling that all his intellectual resources are incapable of giving an immediate solution to it.

29

For in his intense egotism, he incorrectly, with possible saving exceptions, attributes the origin of the baffling problem to the Almighty, and according to his smug conceit, or abject fear or humiliation, he respectively emphatically shouts, or, prayerfully, reverently, softly breathes, the Hebrew "incommunicable" name of the Deity—Damn!

30

It has already been shown that in the deficient, or even in the full highbrow minds of false genius, invention and constructive thought is difficult, and true foresight nil, it being practically impossible for them to conceive in its entirety the nature and outcome of anything experimental or untried.

31

And it has been said of these lacking or limited minds, *that they can only read the future in the language of the past*; thus any plans for the future that they evolve are naturally retrogressive or radical, and inevitably leading in a so-called vicious circle.

32

It follows then that the solution of the so-called crime wave problem from the suggestions of a highbrow or false genius would be in the destructive condemning of the entire present progressive political organization; thus to avoid retrogression and to intelligently bring about the end of the so-called crime—DISCRIMINATION—the beginning of mind—of the true genius is required to evolve and present the constructive processes of true intellectual enlightenment necessary in the reclamation of a government which under the guidance of selfish majority rule—the rule of the instincts—is speeding to destruction.

33

We again emphasize that a highbrow solution of the so-called crime wave problem would not be ideal; for it would require an alien and a somewhat dangerous use of the elements of those faculties which, in a lacking or limited mind, are naturally only representative of *present* or *past* actual existence.

And the first thing necessary in reclamation is the making known of the universal *future* significance of the epochal end of the secondary stage in the evolution of life at the armistice in the world war, when blind, subjective instinct yielded to the transcending authority of enlightened objective intelligence.

For then and there ended the dominance of the secondary aim of life—the Immortal Race—through its accomplishment; then and there was ushered into real existence the tertiary aim of life—the Immortal Individual—thus freeing humanity forever from the necessity of having vicarious salvation—the supreme sacrifice of the individual that the race may live.

For the tertiary aim of life now dominating, the individual man or woman, correctly can give all that he or she has for life; this effulgent fact predicates the end of the reign of those many laws, teachings, creeds, customs, and instincts, which, once having been of more or less aid in the attainment of the primary and secondary aims of life, now, with increasing objective knowledge with immanent ideals, are becoming obsolete and remain a handicap in the attainment of the tertiary aim of life.

And those who know just what insanity signifies, also know that it is now dangerous to civilization itself to imprison men or women without, or to restrain them from obtaining, sufficient food, or to compel them to exist, either in or out of prison, under such conditions, that despairing for their sanity and life, with insane cunning they desperately fight even to death for freedom to be, or do.

We should aspire to at least equal the true intellectual enlightenment of the Chinese general, through whom we were properly humbled when he affirmed, "There is not a Chinaman so bad in China, that he should not have all the rice he wants to eat."

With the *changed conditions* resulting from the dominance of the tertiary aim of life, *no one, not even the State*, has a semblance of authority, except in actual extreme emergencies of self-defense, to *deliberately endanger or take the life, or to utterly destroy the hope of life, of another.*

Thus *true discrimination* not only requires the abolition of death penalty, but also requires that *no prison sentence ever EQUAL the expectancy of life of the individual sentenced.*

Mandatory law has no proper place, and should be repealed, with the beginning of the true discrimination of the ideal arbitrary political society.

There should be established a new office, that of Discriminator, a representant, and an appointee of the executive; and the presence of a discriminator should be always necessary to legalize any and all judicial proceedings whatever; and he should have the authority, like that of the executive of whom he is a representant and an appointee, exceeding that of the judiciary, to discriminate between those circumstances in which the law, respectively, should not, or should be, enforced. (See also paragraphs 138, 219, and 221.)

The prophetic burlesque of the English-woman, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin Shelley, in which the United States is caricatured as the student Frankenstein, who creates a governing monster out of materials for the most part from the dead laws and legislative graveyards of other nations, and which, upon being given a sort of artificial life without soul or mentor, commits cruel acts, and inflicts dreadful retribution, upon its creator, finds in the record of current events abundant evidence of being literally fulfilled.

For Majority Rule Government, comparable to the rule of the flesh mass, or the sensual instincts, is the Frankenstein Monster, which the infantile-minded masses, although lacking sufficient intellectual authority to elect, even through the subterfuge of voting for representatives, or electors, have balloted into power..

And the governing Monster, whose own subjects caricature it as a grotesque combination of Elephant and Donkey, is so lacking in the power of integration, that in response to the instinct of self-preservation it is compelled to amputate some of its own members, and even resort to a periodic decapitation so that a new head may be grafted into place.

(Continued on page 56)



A CHECK FOR A THOUSAND

A Short Story by

Harry Stephen Keeler

The Master-Genius of Mystery-Story Writers Whose Latest Work, "The Riddle of the Yellow Zuri" Adds Still Another Title to His Increasing World Fame. Harry Stephen Keeler Ranks with Wallace, Oppenheim and VanDine.

JOHN BURTON THORNE, writer of short stories, read with exceeding care the notice printed in *Chesterton's Magazine*:

The Editors of Chesterton's Magazine are in immediate need of good short stories and for the best one received within September and October will pay \$1,000.00. All others accepted will be paid for at their usual rates.

Here, then, was a chance for his latest tale, "Hennesy's Luck," as soon as it should be finished. A thousand dollars! Think of it! Perhaps——. After all, one never can tell. John Burton Thorne, winner of the one-thousand-dollar prize offered by *Chesterton's Magazine*! It would mean prestige among his friends. It would secure recognition for him in editorial circles. And last, but not least, for one like himself, who had no relatives and who lived in a boarding house, it would bring absolute freedom from financial worries for a year while the Great American Novel should be written.

A thousand dollars! That would no doubt cause more or less competition. To secure such a prize would require a trifle more than the usual good fortune. However——. A

thousand dollars——. Well, it was certainly worth trying for.

John Burton Thorne worked more diligently than usual during the following week. Not merely content with rewriting "Hennesy's Luck," to adapt it to the general style of *Chesterton's Magazine*, he polished it until, in a literary sense, it shone.

A thousand dollars! If, through the remotest chance he should be so fortunate as to obtain it, then future stories from his pen would command higher rates from other editors. It meant, too, that all those sneering acquaintances who took such pains to discuss him and his work behind his back would be at last compelled to admit that in adopting such a precarious livelihood as literary work he had merely stepped into his proper element—and was, likewise, a success in that element.

Why not stop writing for a while and take a rest? He placed his materials in the bottom drawer of his bureau and proceeded to spend the days sitting in Washington Square, smoking and dreaming of the possibilities that lay in the winning of the thousand-dollar prize.

At night he began to remain awake longer than usual, forming conceptions of what one's



HE HAD HEARD NOTHING

feelings must be upon opening an envelope and extracting therefrom a thousand-dollar check. For the first few nights he pictured it as being salmon-colored like the nominal—very nominal—ones he had received in the past. But this was to be a check such as he had never yet received. So he decided, a few nights later, to picture it mentally as being blue. And to this color he adhered from that time on. It was to be blue, and written, of course, on smooth, glazed paper.

But, unfortunately, John Burton Thorne, in his capacity of a mere author, could not possibly know, as he dreamed daily, that the editorial desks of *Chesterton's Magazine* were stacked high with unread manuscripts, of which many were of exceptional merit; manuscripts sent in by the so-called "topnotchers," as well as by obscure and amateur writers, manuscripts in such profusion that several extra readers had been engaged to sift the grain from the chaff.

So, being ignorant of all this, John Burton Thorne sat each day in Washington Square,

thinking, wondering, anticipating, hoping, and holding foremost in his mind the picture of a narrow slip of paper bearing the printed words, "Pay to the order of—" and, "One thousand dollars."

Several weeks later, Mr. William Green, more commonly known as Bill Green, a hard-working grocery clerk, passed through Washington Square on his way home from a strenuous day's activity in weighing and wrapping butter, sugar, potatoes, and sundry other staple commodities. Happening to espouse some one whom he knew, lolling on one of the benches, he seated himself and opened a conversation.

"Well, Thorne, how's that there writin' game o' yours goin'? Are you takin' in much coin?"

John Burton Thorne turned and gazed straight into the eyes of his interrogator.

"Say, Green, suppose I should tell you one of these days that I carried off a one-thousand-dollar prize offered by *Chesterton's Magazine*. Would you call that 'much coin'?"

"Gosh," replied Bill Green, "that there is certainly some prize!"

Four more weeks passed, swiftly for Mr. Bill Green, whose spare moments were occupied in ascertaining the likes and dislikes of captious customers; but slowly for Mr. John



•MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED-



A VERY DEPLORABLE CASE

Burton Thorne, who sat through the entire day in Washington Square.

He had heard nothing from his manuscript. Of course he could not possibly know that there were still many stacks of unread stories lying on the desks of the engaged readers of *Chesterton's Magazine*.

And it happened that just four weeks after his first conversation with John Burton Thorne, Mr. William Green, more commonly known as Bill Green, the hardworking grocery clerk, again passed through Washington Square on his way home from a strenuous day's activity in weighing and wrapping butter, sugar, potatoes, and sundry other staple commodities. And in the same manner as before he espied some one whom he knew, lolling on one of the benches. So he seated himself and opened a conversation.

"Well, Thorne, how's that there writin' game o' yours goin'? Are you takin' in much coin?" He paused. He surveyed Mr. John Burton Thorne a little more closely. The professional wielder of the pen looked rather tired, worn perhaps. His eyes, too, appeared somewhat odd. Then Bill Green asked a further question. "By the way, Thorne, did you ever hear anything about that there one-thousand-dollar prize you were a-tellin' me of when we was talkin' last?"

John Burton Thorne turned and gazed straight into the eyes of his interrogator.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "I won it, Green. I'll show you the check—I haven't cashed it yet."

His fingers explored an inner pocket for a few seconds and then brought forth a slip of blue paper, smooth and crisp.

* * *

"A very deplorable case," said Dr. Abbott of the Kankakee State Hospital for the Insane, to his assistant, who had just returned from a vacation. "You can see him sitting down there at the other end of the ward. Thorne's his name. He was a writer. His fixed delusion consists of the belief that he won a thousand-dollar prize for one of his short stories. The usual case of a psychopathic individual with too much thinking upon one subject. Harmless variety of paranoia, of course, but hopeless on account of the secondary delusions which sooner or later set in. The bank turned him over after he tried to cash a blue cigarette coupon. There—look quick—he's showing it to our new patient—that case of dementia praecox that was just brought in this morning."

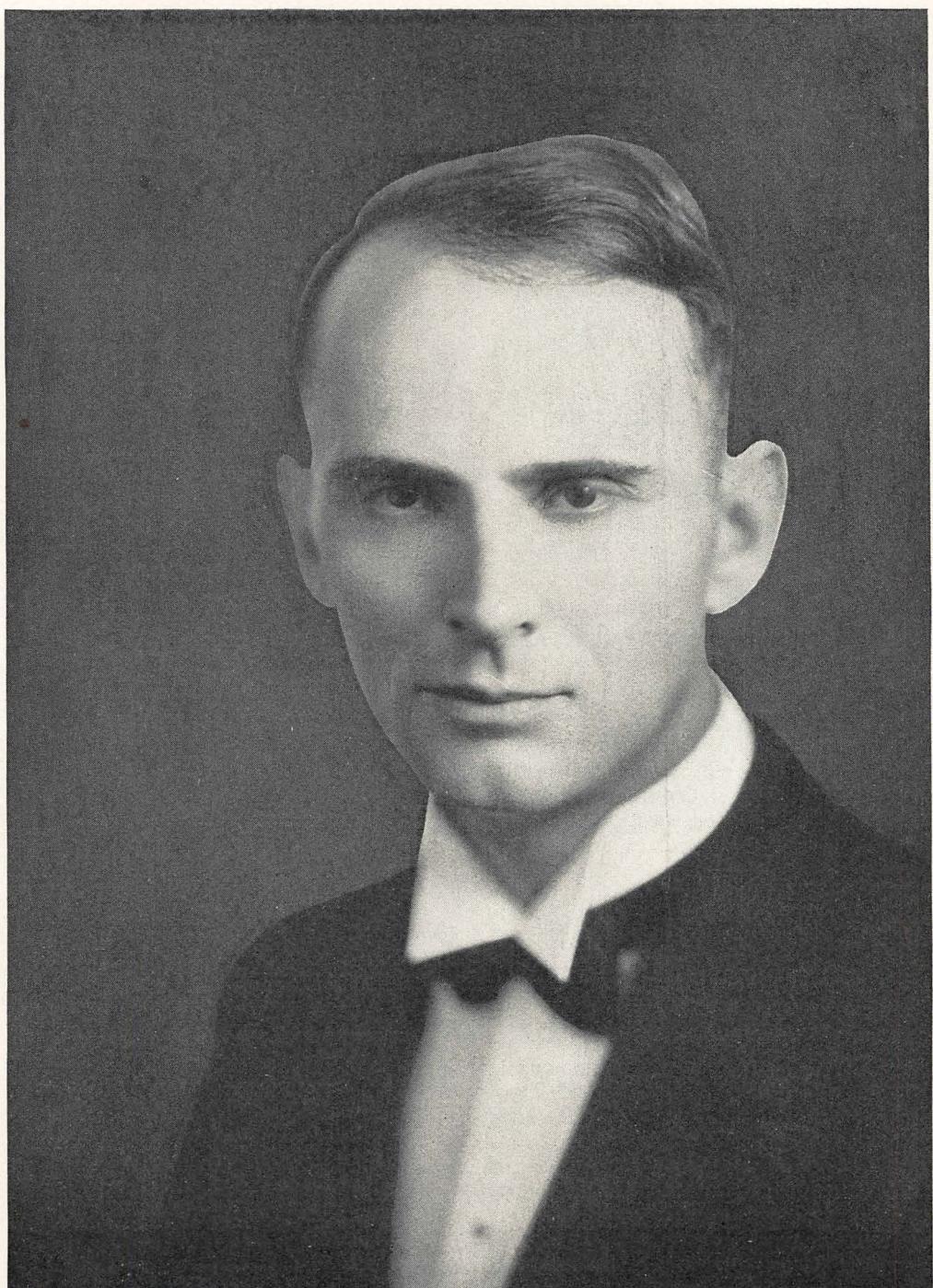
* * *

"Odd thing," said the editor of *Chesterton's Magazine*, to his assistant, as the letter addressed to J. B. Thorne returned to the office bearing an official notice stamped at the bottom in red ink: "Not residing any longer at above number. Address unknown. Return to sender."

He slit open the end and tossed the envelope into the waste-basket. Then he made room in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk for a narrow slip of blue paper bearing the numeral "1,000."



"ODD THING"



J. JOHN GILBERT

Is Life what you make it,—or what it makes you? Mr. Gilbert says there is a power within every one of us that comes through simply understanding the law of love that will regenerate and lift one out of the slums of life into the light of ultimate success.



"I Got Tired of Being a Failure"

Up from failure to the pinnacle of success the author fearlessly reveals the secrets of his life and how any man may change his course of destiny by opening the door of the Great Within which enables one to think straight, love truthfully, regain health and attract success that makes life worth the living.

By J. JOHN GILBERT

"**H**OW did you do it?" "How did you discover those mysterious laws that have worked such radical changes in every phase of your life?" "How did you put those laws into operation—to secure the conditions of health, success, and happiness?" Such questions have come from many sources—from the readers of *The Invisible Fulcrum*, from the many who have been impressed by *The Drama of Life*, or from those who have seen the mystic drama, *Marble Fingers* (both adapted from the same book). And the same kind of questions have come from those who have shared with me these conditions of life.

In answer to these queries, I can say that I have been but an agent of that great transforming and renewing power manifested in the book. It is true the book portrays a marvelous power, but that power is not of the realm of the physical. In reading through its pages I, the author, continue to find truths therein to make me marvel. Sometimes it is difficult for me to conceive that it was my

humble pen which set down those magic words, those flights of transcendental truths which seem to have worked such changes in the lives of so many. Yet it must be true, and, since it is true, I must thank the Omnipotent Dictator who so imbued me with power that my entire life was transformed, as though by magic.

Now I realize that those mighty powers are mine. Long they lay dormant and unsuspected in my inner being, awaiting only to be called into action and into use for the performance of seeming miracles, of which it has been said the book, *The Invisible Fulcrum*, is one. If the book is a miracle, I claim no credit for its achievement. It is a result of the conscious co-operation of the author with the mystical powers of the universe.

The universe is as a great Leyden jar stored with illimitable energy, awaiting the co-operative impulse that is to discharge it and set it into motion to work out the hopes and ambitions of the individual who has learned

the secret of discharging this energy. With every discharge of energy from this magic battery of universal power some concrete fact usable to man in the realm of science, of art, or of invention will manifest itself. Five thousand years ago there existed in the great Universal Leyden Jar the same power that is responsible for the airplane and the radio, yet this same mysterious potency was not discharged and manifested as the radio and the airplane until the Twentieth Century. During all those years there was not to be found a single individual who had learned the secret of co-operating with this mighty power and discharging it as the above-mentioned inventions. Unrecognized, unused, lying dormant in the inner consciousness, for many thousand years, these magic laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum* were waiting only for some one to use them for the working out of his happiness and success.

The use of these same great powers created for me a life of supreme happiness, contentment, and success. Life which was once very drab and discouraging for me now appears beautiful and fascinating. I have reached that state of realization (or vibration or *co-operation*) where everything I set out to do magically succeeds. I do not know what failure is. I do not know what ill-health is. If there is anything other than happiness and calm content in my life—I fail to find it.

Truly, that is an enviable state to attain—and one which can be attained by any one through the simple use of, and the co-operation with the magic laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum*.

My own past life previous to my knowledge of these magic laws was one of rank failure. I felt that this hateful and mystifying thing called "Life" had defeated me when I had been entitled to victory. My state of mind during those bleak years was anything but enviable. I became a forager, taking what I wanted from someone else's base of supplies—descending into moral vagabondage with indifferent abandon. My life was one of fear, of failure, of hate. I hated all mankind. I knew not the meaning of love. I was heartless, cruel, and unforgiving. Spiritually, mentally, financially I was hopelessly unsuccessful. I seemed to remember that long years before I had youthful dreams. I had dreamed of great things—then. I had dreamed of mighty accomplishments. Sometime—a long time ago—I had wanted to

amount to something—to be somebody. But time had fled; and, somehow, the youthful purpose and enthusiasm had fled along with it.

Suddenly I found myself completely surrounded by the gigantic and blackly-forbidding wall of *hopeless failure, hate, fear, misdirected effort, sorrow, regret, and endless disappointments*. Far, far beyond this barricade which I was up against I seemed to remember happiness and success as an almost forgotten dream of some previous and unreal existence. How I hated the horrifying mystery of life then. Why, I wondered, did I have to participate in this hateful and unsatisfactory existence. Could I have passed into everlasting slumber and forever could have forgotten life and its despicable responsibilities I would gladly have done so.

Constantly and desperately I studied during the years I was serving this disheartening apprenticeship, ever trying to arrive at the solution of my problem through the avenue of the intellect. It was no use. This was not a problem which the conscious, reasoning mind could solve—and yet, to the great, unreasoning mind it was no problem at all. Later, after I had served an apprenticeship, I learned that a problem does not become a problem until man with his alleged wisdom and intellect attempts to work it out according to logic. Logic and reason are elements only of the reasoning, the conscious mind. With the unconscious mind, the all-knowing mind, what need would there be of reason? And then, one day after I had been subjected to the infinite torture of hate, fear, anger, failure for so many years, I made an amazing discovery which miraculously changed my whole existence and worked into my life the very highest possible happiness and success—I discovered my ability to use the magic laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum*.

And with the discovery came the realization that the *unseen* forces are the *real* forces. There came also the amazing realization that by the constant, untiring use of these natural laws I could call into operation those invisible and invincible powers to create in my own life the conditions that I most wanted. Then, since this were true, it was obvious that the conditions of negation which were demonstrating in my life must be the result of thought negatively applied. The thing to do was to change the direction of my thought processes. If this gigantic wall of unhappiness, failure, regret, fear, had been erected there by im-

proper thinking, then, according to the law of opposites, it was certain that proper thinking would remove the obstacle which blocked my way to the coveted happiness and success. If I could only raze that towering wall of failure and begin anew!

I took stock of myself. It was clear to me on which side of the wall I stood. Ignominious failure had always been mine. I knew that I was fearful of starting anything new. I knew that I hated men. I knew that I hated life. Where would I be ten years from today? I shuddered at the thought. I reflected on the fine accomplishments of men and women I had known intimately during the past—men and women in my class at the university who had possessed less intellectual powers than I, less ability, and for whom had been prophesied a less glamorous future. Why had they all been happy and successful? Why had I been miserable and unsuccessful? Why had they gone forward while I had slipped back? Suddenly I knew why, and the admission to myself was a most bitter pill: Those happy and successful men and women with whom I had trod the campus long years ago had been willing to make a real fight for what they wanted—and they had won! But I had given up the battle like a coward, or when I attempted to fight at all I ignorantly misapplied the weapons at my command. If I were ever to get over this wall which was blocking my progress to the future, I must not attempt to fool myself with idle excuses for my failure. I must take up the fight where I had quit years ago. I must call into use those mighty powers of the Universal Leyden Jar, and once and for all I must put to flight those enemies which were keeping me bound down in a state of base servitude behind that impregnable wall.

The magic laws of the *Invisible Fulcrum* miraculously did this for me; and now I am happy, whereas once I was unhappy. I was cruel and unkind; now I am kind and gentle. I used to hate; now I love. I used to see only the ugly and the useless side of life; now I see that all life is beautiful and that all things have a definite use. I was penniless; now I am financially secure—and, strange to say, the book itself with its portrayal of the illimitable powers of the universe has assisted to establish this security. I was irritable, morose, quick to anger; now I am calm and at peace with the world. All this the laws of the *Invisible Fulcrum* did for

me—leading me from the depths of despair to the pinnacle of hope, where I was made to realize that the working out of a life of success and happiness must start from *within*.

Then, if the black impressions hovering about my physical existence started from my inner mental realm, it were high time that my inner mental machine be fed some new and diametrically opposite impressions. I had lived only to manifest in the physical. My wishes, my hopes, my ambitions concerned only the physical. In order to bring myself to that state of realization and understanding of the fine things of life, I must have a taste of the bitterness, the unhappiness, and the failure which my ignorance of the law caused me to suggest to my inner mental nature. Knowledge must be served; so also must ignorance be served. My whole life had been made up in assiduously serving ignorance, in spite of my college education. This paradox is borne out by witnessing college professors, who are the greatest examples of educated failures. It is impossible for them to go back of the knowledge which is responsible for the books upon which they depend altogether for their learning. Thus they fix their hopes of a future upon an unsubstantial and insecure science, not knowing that science itself, the true science, starts from within. How was I to know this? I never learned of it in college; it is not known there. And so I struggled hopelessly, sinking deeper and deeper into the pit behind the forbidding wall keeping company with my lost hopes, my fear of the future, my hates, my anxieties, and my endless array of disappointments and unrealized dreams.

All my waking hours were spent in pondering this mystifying question. What could the answer be? Where could I find it? I felt that an answer to the question, "What is life?" would be the answer I sought. Life was responsible for my being here. Life brought me, a pulsating, squawling mite of humanity shooting into the world without any previous knowledge of mine—without my approval. My coming here was not volitional, but where I am going most certainly is! The answer to the question, "What is life?" would give me all the knowledge I needed and would probably stop the *squawling* which seemed to have followed me from babyhood. The endless lamentations of the adult infant who has been denied opportunities which were either never his, or which if realized would have

wrecked incalculable damage upon his soul, would cease were he to seek an answer to this question.

I learned during my study hours that opportunity comes *not* to man by *chance*, but that it is the natural manifestation of the unconscious in the conscious existence—provided there has been a domination of harmonious mental energies in the unconscious nature. Then how foolish for me to moan over lost opportunities. Better by far to begin administering to my unconscious personality the antidote which will effectually counteract the poison of *lost opportunities*.

I learned that poverty, disease, a life of hate and discord come not by chance. They, too, are traceable to the negative energies stored up in the unconscious personality. And when I learned that most of the stored-up energies arrive there through the perception of images—the formation of images by the conscious, thinking mind, I wondered what indeed could have been the nature of the images which had suggested my life of unhappiness and failure. If my past life had been violent and hateful and unsatisfactory to me, it was because my thinking mind had presented like images to

my unconscious nature to be reflected back again in my daily life. Thus, the first fault was to be attributed directly to my clouded perception. I must seek first of all to change the nature of the images which were to be suggested to my unconscious nature.

I began the business of seeking new images for presentation to my inner consciousness. My work as a writer enabled me to go where I would, and thus I directed my steps into the great solitude of Nature. Here in her towering mountains, her expansive deserts, her deep forests, her upheaving seas, I continued to seek for an answer to my question. Getting my mind off myself was the first battle. I must weed out all ugly impressions; all bitterness; all sorrows, regrets, and disappointments which thoughts of myself constantly brought me. I must obliterate all traces of the trail into the bleakness of Yesterday and blaze an entirely new trail into the glorious and eternal Now. Communion with Nature in her pulsating solitudes helped me to advance, and steadied me in the advancement. The World War, too, had contributed importantly toward the new consciousness.

Once as liaison sergeant in the World War



my duty demanded that ammunition and powder charges be delivered at the artillery positions in the second lines before 2:00 in the morning. The barrage of September 26th was to begin at 2:00 A. M. Our little crew left at 12:00 midnight. The night was starless, pitch-black, save for the flashes from the enemy big guns which belched toward us, throwing their projectiles several miles to our rear. We had not gone far before the intermittent "zoom-zoom" of an enemy airplane was heard directly above us. Almost at once

there dropped a star shell which lighted up the country for rods about us, giving away our position. A red light appeared on the wing of the plane and described a crazy circle in the sky. I knew what that meant—he was signalling the artillery. The thought was barely out of my mind when "caroom" came the roar of a big shell a short way back of us. The light signalled again, and "caroom" another shell exploded a short distance to our right directly on our level. I figured that the next



Illustrations by
Herman R. Bollin

shell was scheduled to drop right down in the midst of our tons of powder charges.

With the first appearance of the star shell, two men and myself had unslung our machine gun and fired round after round toward the enemy plane, while the rest of the crew beat it on toward the positions with all possible speed. We must have been coming close to him, for he headed directly over us, flying low. Very soon we heard the "put-put-put" of his machine gun and heard the metallic clip of the steel projectiles hailing all about us. The light of the star shell had died out now, but the enemy plane came on ever lower, and then suddenly he split wide open with a burst of red and yellow flame and crumpled up, a mass of twisted steel not over a hundred yards from us.

The flames shot into the air for twenty feet. We must go on; that driving flame from the burning enemy plane was the best signal possible to enemy artillery. In another moment high explosive would be raining down upon us. And it was. Such a rain of steel and flying splinters and shrapnel I never saw, but on we went—and delivered our charges to the positions *on time*. It was considered rather a momentous feat by the company commander, and he complimented me upon it. Said he,

"Sergeant, your men tell me that at no time during that dangerous trip into the trenches did you lose control of the situation—"

A flash of light seemed to streak through my brain. It seemed as though I heard a voice say,

"Yes, coward, you can take an ammunition outfit into the trenches in spite of poison gas and artillery fire; you can take that through in spite of all danger and control it, and make it do your will, but you *can't* control yourself. *Yourself you can't control!*"

The officer was looking at me quizzically. "How did you do it, Sergeant? Your going through was impossible—but you did it."

I looked at the officer while realization knocked at the door of my inner consciousness. Something unseen but all-seeing had carried me through without a scratch. I remembered the law of the *Invisible Fulcrum*, "the will, man's individualized God-power, is the man," and I knew that something more than luck had taken me through.

"Can anything stand without a support?" I asked the officer. "Our twenty-one-inch guns,

the New York skyscrapers, could any of them stand unsupported?"

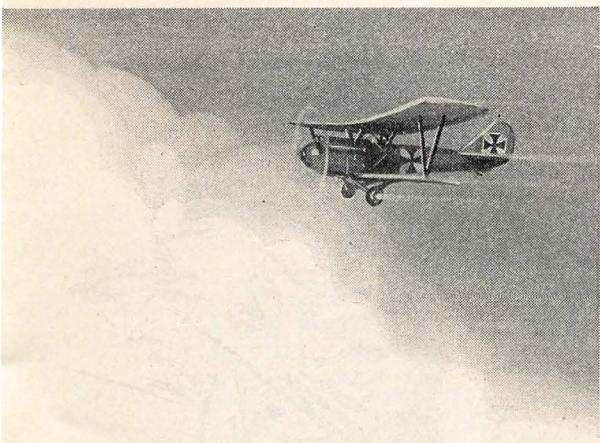
The officer shook his head in surprised agreement. "How about the sun, the moon, the stars?" I asked him. "How about the universe, the world of thought, upon what do they rest?"

"Their support is invisible," came the answer.

"Exactly. They rest upon the *Invisible Fulcrum*. That was the support that carried me through."

The thought amazed me. And as I underwent other experiences during the war, this amazement grew into a deep conviction: that the power which had sustained me in times of terrible danger was within me. The phrase: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," took on a gigantic and compelling meaning. This was the *Invisible Fulcrum* upon which universes depended for support. Could it be possible that this mighty invisible projection of power was within *me*! I was almost overpowered with the immensity of the thought. Night after night as I lay watching the lurid





streaks of light from enemy cannon cutting the black sky I pondered this thought. I felt no sense of the danger about me. I felt only a sense of security—a sense that I was being sustained by a mighty, invisible power of which I was an important part. The words of Emerson returned to me:

"All power is in silent moments."

While everything about me was turbulent with the thunderous noise of battle, all was suddenly quiet deep within me. I knew then why it was that Christ the Master sweat blood. I knew then that the real crucifixion was in Gethsemane and not on Calvary. And with the revealing shock of this thought, I seemed to hear the gentle, chiding voice saying:

"Be still, and know that I am God."

The thought came to me that for all these years God had been vainly trying to make me His present of understanding, happiness, and calm content. But if I had been unwilling to receive even God is unable to give. Christ's question to one who sought healing was: "Wilt thou be made whole?" If you are unwilling to receive, it is impossible for Him to give. For all these years the Master had been standing at my door knocking, begging admission, anxious to offer me His gifts of happiness and success, love, immortality and very much more; but I, in my ignorance, had refused them—and then moaned and groaned because I was miserable and unsuccessful.

Understanding was coming to me now. Miraculously before me was unfolding the vision. The magic laws of the *Invisible Fulcrum* presented a blue-print plan of life to me which meant the attainment of all the worth-while things of life. But, before I would be able to attain, the law told me that I would have to kill out, or render *positive*,

those negative thoughts which had so long been mine. What I was ready to receive I could receive, but I must pay for it. The law states that you must *work* for what you get. I must work and co-operate with the laws of the *Invisible Fulcrum*. Ultimately, all things would be mine. The mystery of Nature faded then. I knew that what had been considered mystery before was only my inability to understand the power within. I perceived that life is mysterious to the ignorant only. I saw now that Nature loved me and offered me her gifts—undeserving as I was. The words of Socrates returned to me:

"How many are worthy of the light? Yet, the day dawns."

The light was coming into my own undeserving soul. I knew now that if I wanted to understand the *effect* I must get an understanding of the *cause*. I suddenly perceived that the cause responsible for the mighty fact of Nature was likewise responsible for me—an important part of Nature. I saw that the Invisible Dictator who reached out and wrote upon the statute of Infinity the magic laws of which Nature is the visible effect, wrote also the magic law of which I, too, was the visible effect.

What a mighty thought that was. To know and to feel that I was a part of the great, throbbing heart of Nature. All this disturbance going on about me—these lurid flashes of light, these shrieking shells, the resounding detonations, the crashing artillery—all were only the puny efforts of man. And while man wore himself out with these destructive emotions of hate, anger, fear, sorrow, strife, Nature stood calmly by waiting until he brought himself to the point of mental and physical exhaustion where he could be reclaimed to her willing arms. I remembered the words of the poet:

"The charm dissolves apace, and, as the morning steals upon the night melting the darkness, so their rising senses begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle their clearer reason. Their understanding begins to swell, and the approaching tide will shortly fill the reasonable shores that now lie foul and muddy."

Truly, a picture of my own life, I thought. Overpowered by emotions that exhaust and destroy, I at last had been reduced to the state of self-destruction where the "Ignorant fumes that mantle the clearer reason" could be dissipated and the positive emotions of Na-

ture could be given a chance to reclaim me to the normal life of happiness and success, as written by the magic laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum*.

I knew then that only one was responsible for the state of destruction to which I had been reduced—and that one was *myself*. The law states:

"There is no destruction, save self-destruction."

The Invisible Fulcrum also proclaims: Mind masters destiny. What a man thinks he is. Destructive emotions destroy the body and tear down the brain cells. The emotions of hate, worry, fear, cruelty and anger wreck the human system. Love cleanses all. Fear and defeat turn into hope and victory before faith. A thought isolated from all the rest by constant utterance materializes into substantial fact; therefore, great care should be exercised in selecting the thoughts which are to be given audition.

I determined to employ these laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum* in working into my own life the elements which stand for happiness and success. The meaning of the law: that you reap as you sow, took on as definite a meaning for me as any other economic law. I saw it governing as mightily as the economic law of *diminishing returns*. Exactly as I hand out will I have handed back to me, was my interpretation of this law.

My chance to put this mystical law into effect came with short notice. We were in position in a ravine north of Verdun. Late one afternoon, during a lull in the firing, a single shell fell a few yards off to our right with a dull "pop," which pronounced it *gas*. I adjusted my respirator mechanically. Then I saw one soldier standing, looking dully down at the ground; his lips were white with fear. The tiny gas cloud from the shell had gathered volume and was slowly moving toward us. In a few moments the place would be literally obliterated with the destroying clouds. Still the soldier stood without adjusting his gas mask. I knew in an instant why he stood immobile—he had lost his respirator. I had had an argument with him the day before, and we had almost come to blows; but as he stood there I had no feeling other than compassion for him. He opened his lips and I heard him say in a choking voice, "My little kids."

What caused me to leap toward him and jerk off my own mask still mystifies me when I think of it. But jerk it off I did, and



The gold star

hurled it almost in his face. He looked up at me, his enemy, and the expression of dumb-founded amazement that swept his features sticks with me today. When he hesitated to accept it, I cursed him with all the profane eloquence that only the American soldier can curse. All this that it has required minutes to tell transpired in the space of a few short seconds. In a moment the mask had been transferred from my own face to that of the other soldier.

By every known rule the place should have been a dense cloud of asphyxiating gas by this time, yet no other explosion occurred. I had stood calmly enough, wondering how far I would be able to count before the poison ate my lungs out and stopped my breathing. And then when I took a deep breath and nothing happened, and it looked as though my handing over the gas mask was merely a gesture, I began to feel foolish. But when the hard-boiled regular to whom I had just made the present gripped me by the hand and gulped out thanks while the tears ran down his cheeks, I felt the need of saying something

that would make them know I had returned to normal.

"Don't kid yourself," I snarled at him. "I didn't do it for you. I did it for the kids."

Everyone was looking at me strangely, but none of them was looking at me more strangely than I was at myself.

"I can't figure out that boy," I heard one man say to another. "He'll kill you one minute and die for you the next."

Well, he didn't have anything on me. I hadn't been able to figure myself out for a long time, and this last act was one which I could explain less than any other. Quite without the assistance of the reasoning mind had I done it. Possibly had I reasoned the thing out I never would have done it, for the reasoning mind is the most selfish institution in existence. Somehow or other, I couldn't convince myself that I had relinquished my own respirator for the sake of the buddy's kids altogether. The sight of him standing there with that look of frozen horror and—yes—fear on his face moved me with a feel-

ing that I had never known before. That was one time in my recollection that I was willing to assume someone else's crown of thorns, and it was for a man who hated me cordially. I know now that my act was occasioned by the magic law of *the Invisible Fulcrum*. Right there I started blazing a trail into the land of the eternal, which now has brought me a happiness and contentment and success that I never knew could exist.

Persistently I set myself to living in accordance with those magic laws upon my return to the United States. I knew that I should have to exert a tremendous amount of will power; but I looked forward expecting the test now, for I had learned that the will is indeed man's individualized God-power. I had learned, too, that when the power of the will is added in a constructive effort to the illimitable power of all thought that it becomes in fact *God's own word*, and can be used consciously to discharge power from the Universal Leyden Jar to work out for you the conditions in life that are most needed and *deserved*. I knew, too, that the will could not be something which hated and fought, worried and feared—such emotions were not an individualized God-power. To begin, I knew that I must make a constant exertion of my will to live a life of love, hope, success and calm content, thus presenting like images to my inner nature for their reflection in my daily life.

Difficult it was at first! It is not possible to straighten in one night a limb that has grown in one direction for twenty years. And then the fortifying thought came to me: How does a baby learn to walk without faltering? By continuing to walk; by getting up and trying again after each fall. How does an author learn to write? By keeping everlastingly at it. A part, in fact a great part, of the success that I have enjoyed can be explained by the phrase: "keeping everlastingly at it." That is an important law of *the Invisible Fulcrum*, and I have kept everlastingly at the business of being happy, kind and gentle, calm and successful. I have learned the lesson of forbearance and patience. The magic laws taught me how. They disclosed to me the folly of living a life of hate and anger and failure. They led me into the upper vibratory realm of love where all is serene.

I practice these laws daily. I learned them at the hands of a hard and bitter taskmaster, and I learned them well. They present an



C. H. Roy Ballouides

absolute formula for the winning of all the good things of life. And life is good to me now; I make it so. I learned the art of spiritual non-resistance. I learned also the art of being good to myself, which means being good to others. If you who read this really want to introduce happiness into your life, prove it to your great inner nature by going out and introducing happiness in the life of another. The act is sure to make you happy. You suggest thereby the image of happiness to your inner consciousness and the law insists that this image be reflected back again in your daily life. This is no idle observation, I assure you. I know what I am talking about, and the sooner you realize it and start using these formulas toward working out your own happiness, the sooner you will be happy.

If you want to increase your income, give; *give* to those less fortunate than yourself. Do not mock the simplicity of this formula. Do not moan to yourself because it might entail a small sacrifice; but go to work and try it out. After all, the greatest test of any method is a fair and impartial trial. And its simplicity should be an argument for its efficacy. Who of all men of all time was the most simple, the most lowly? Yet He was the most powerful of all, and He is helping you to win the success you want and *deserve*, just as He helped and is helping me. Your every act now will be a prayer. You won't praise Him now with your lips and deny Him with your deeds. Without saying one word, your acts of lending happiness to others will praise Him, and it will bring into your life an unexpected joy and happiness.

All this happened to me, and I am quite certain that none of the readers of these words ever had dropped quite so low in the scheme of unhappiness and failure as I. And if it worked for me! It certainly is worthy of an effort on your part. You lose nothing by making the trial.

I have learned the amazing lesson of *the Invisible Fulcrum's* mystic laws. Life is real now, whereas it was mysterious and unreal before. Now I live a life of health. I am happy and successful. What more could anyone want? And all of it has come to me simply by living in accord with the law.

It may be that you have read a copy of the book, "The Invisible Fulcrum." If you have, you will know that I wrote the book with the hope that I might be instrumental in showing some one else the way up the trail of happiness and success to the land of the

eternal *Now*. I wrote the book to show you, my friend, that immortality is *now*, and that you are the heir to conscious immortality. The book seeks to give you knowledge—to show you how you can make of yourself a magnet which will draw all the great things of life unto you. The answer to your prayer you will find is gained by causes being put into motion to bring about results. The lesson of patience—of waiting for results and expecting them, must be learned. If you have learned to ask aright, you cannot be denied. That is the law.

I got tired of being miserable. I got tired of being afraid. I got tired of angry thoughts, of hating and being hated. I got tired of being a failure. And so, I set about to find a way out, and thus I learned the magic laws of *the Invisible Fulcrum*. By their use I banished hate and fear, anger and worry, doubt and despair, and worked into my life a condition of love and happiness and success that amazes me.

I have learned, and into the book "The Invisible Fulcrum" I have tried to convey to others the truth that there are two days with which I never need to be concerned, and those two days are *yesterday* and *tomorrow*. I live only in the eternal *now* of today. What care I for the bleak unhappiness, the sorrows, the heartaches of yesterday? Had I not felt the adverse and gloomy clouds of yesterday, the sunshine of today had gone unnoticed and unappreciated. And so I thank the Omnipotent Dictator who brought this knowledge to me in His own sure way. I can see now that my ugly experience was only the chemical laboratory of life which was to precipitate the homely infirmities of my nature, leaving me weak and lowly—but free.

I am secure now. Come what may, I know that the source of all love, all strength, all knowledge is open to me. The black uncertainties of the future appall me not, for I am forever protected and sustained by a mighty and irresistible power, a power upon which nations, worlds, universes depend for support. In the deepest solitudes, far from the haunts of men, I found this power. In desert wastes, in gloomy forests, in towering mountains, and in the bounding sea, I found this power. When I found it I was amazed, for this invincible and *Invisible Fulcrum* upon which all things rest is not something that you need leave the quietude of your own room to find. But, deep down in the mind of you,

(Continued on page 57)

爲「黃金時期」。此已大誤。而
家主義最熱烈之時期中。激
淺陋者亦主張與外人完全斷



諸侯之使。西人通商以利。其生質而殊者。

CHINESE PULSE DIAGNOSIS

The Age-Old, Unerring Diagnosis of Disease—Almost a Lost Art

By Elvhia Park Boyle

SINCE time immemorial this method of diagnosis has been used by Chinese physicians, and it is used today. It is one great reason why their skill in these things is recognized as quite beyond any to be found elsewhere.

Two natural principles of life are laid down by the Chinese as absolutely fundamental: *Vital Heat* and *Radical Moisture*, of which the "spirits" and the blood are the vehicles. "Spirits," as they express it, is understood to mean the life-principle of the universe. In other words, it is the principle which comes from the universe and gives life.

Vital heat is YANG, or positive. Radical moisture is YIN, or negative. A division of these two kills man. Vitality, or "life," is produced on the same principle as is the electric light. A positive and a negative wire *must* be used or there is no light; and if one or the other wire breaks or is missing, the light or "life" goes out—dies.

These two are lodged in every principal part of the body, in all its members and in the intestines, to convey life and strength.

This Chinese method makes *three divisions* of the *body*. The first is into *right* and *left* parts; each of these parts have an *eye*, an *arm*, *hand*, *shoulder*, *leg*, and *foot*.

The second division is into three parts: the *high*, the *middle* and the *lowest* part. The *high* includes the head and the parts as far as the breast. The *middle* that portion from breast to the navel; the last or *lowest* part from navel to the soles of the feet.

They likewise add a third division, which divides the body into intestines and members.

The six principal members, wherein the radical moisture is lodged, are three on the left side, namely, the heart, the spleen, and one of the kidneys; and three on the right side, the lungs, the liver and the other kidney, which is called the "Gate of Life."

The intestines, or entrails, in which they

place the *vital heat*, are also *six* in number; three on the right, the great intestine, the stomach, and the third part of the body; three on the left, the small intestines, the ureters, and the gall bladder.

There are certain mutual relations between the intestines and the members. On the right side the *great intestine* has relation to the *lungs*; the *stomach* to the *liver*; and the *third part of the body*, to the Gate of Life, or the right kidney. On the left side the *small intestine* has relation to the *heart*, the *gall bladder* to the *spleen*, and the *ureters* to the *kidneys*.

These are the parts of the body which are the natural seats of *vital heat* and *radical moisture*. It is from these places that vital heat and radical moisture pass into other parts of the body by means of the life principle, "spirit," and the blood. This circulation they claim to have known since about 400 years after the flood.

They consider the body—by reason of the nerves, muscles, veins and arteries—as a kind of *lute* or musical instrument whose parts render different sounds. Or, rather, that each part has a certain kind of temperament proper to itself, by reason of its figure, situation, and various uses. It is by these means that the different pulses (which are like various sounds and diverse touches of these instruments) are marks whereby to judge infallibly of their disposition. This is understood in the same manner that a string, more or less stretched and touched in one part or another, more or less gently, giving different sounds, shows whether it is too tight or too slack.*

With these twelve sources of life in the body established, the Chinese philosophy of medicine next searches for outward tokens which may show the inward condition of these twelve parts. They consider that they find these in the head, which is the seat of all the senses that perform the animal operations. There is an agreement between the tongue and heart, nostrils and lungs, mouth and spleen, ears and kidneys and eyes and liver. From the color of the face, the eyes, the nostrils and the ears, or from the sound of the voice, or the condition of the tongue, they can judge the temperature of the body concerning the death or recovery of a patient.

The *radical moisture* passes from the heart to the hands. The spleen sends it to the feet.

These are the ways in which the communication of life with the left side of the body is preserved.

The *lungs* convey the *radical moisture* on the right side, and the *great intestine* the *vital heat*. The *radical moisture* goes from the *liver* to the *feet*; and the *vital heat* from the *stomach*.

The *radical moisture* goes from the Gate of Life (right kidney) to the hands; and the *vital heat* of the *Third Part of the Body* to the feet. In this manner life and vigor are distributed throughout the body.

Among the Chinese philosophers, a man cannot have the reputation of a learned physician unless he thoroughly understands these six sources of life, which proceed from these twelve origins, and the alterations which may happen to them.

Next they consider the exterior elements which may produce changes in the body. These elements, according to their method, are five in number, earth, metal, water, air, and fire.

A human body is composed of all these elements, which are disposed in such a manner that in some parts one element has more power than the rest. Fire reigns in the heart and the chief viscera, which lies near it. The South is the part of heaven which has the principal reference to these, because heat is chiefly situated there. For this reason, it is in summer that they especially observe the condition of the heart.

The liver, and the gall-bladder are referred to the element of air; and both have a relation to the East, which is the place from which winds and vegetation proceed. The condition of both of these parts should be especially observed in the spring.

The kidneys and ureters belong to the water. They are referred to the North, therefore, winter is the proper time to observe their indications.

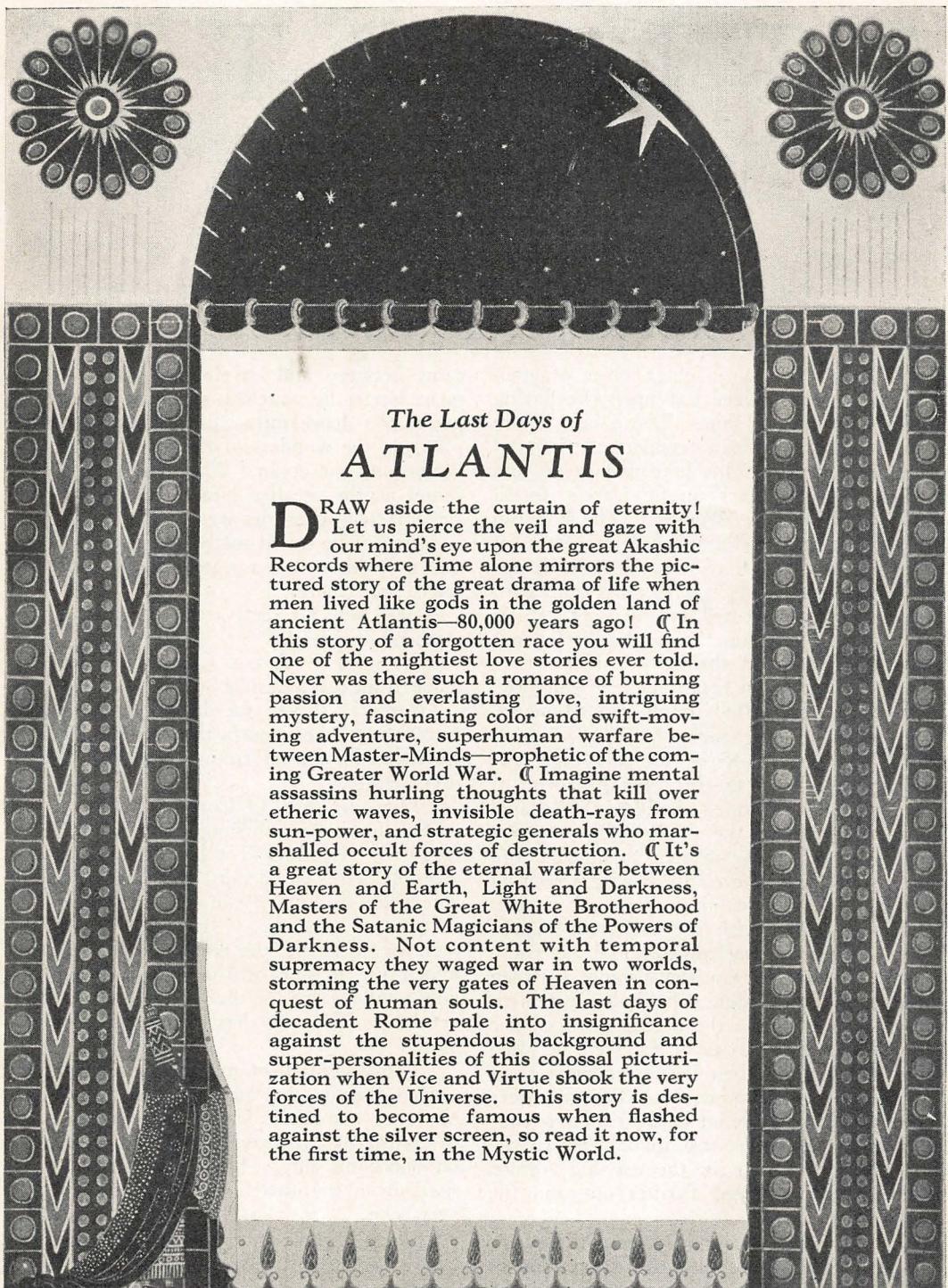
The lungs and great intestine are presided over by metal, as is the West and the autumn, which is the particular time to examine them.

The spleen and stomach are of the nature of the earth. They are referred to the mid-heaven or zenith. Between the four cardinal points—the third month of every season—is the time of their most distinctive indications.

The third part of the body and the Gate of Life, are subject to fire and water, and receive the impression of the heart and

(Continued on page 62)

*The above claim is scientifically established later in the chapter on musical therapeutics.



The Last Days of ATLANTIS

DRAW aside the curtain of eternity! Let us pierce the veil and gaze with our mind's eye upon the great Akashic Records where Time alone mirrors the pictured story of the great drama of life when men lived like gods in the golden land of ancient Atlantis—80,000 years ago! ¶ In this story of a forgotten race you will find one of the mightiest love stories ever told. Never was there such a romance of burning passion and everlasting love, intriguing mystery, fascinating color and swift-moving adventure, superhuman warfare between Master-Minds—prophetic of the coming Greater World War. ¶ Imagine mental assassins hurling thoughts that kill over etheric waves, invisible death-rays from sun-power, and strategic generals who marshalled occult forces of destruction. ¶ It's a great story of the eternal warfare between Heaven and Earth, Light and Darkness, Masters of the Great White Brotherhood and the Satanic Magicians of the Powers of Darkness. Not content with temporal supremacy they waged war in two worlds, storming the very gates of Heaven in conquest of human souls. The last days of decadent Rome pale into insignificance against the stupendous background and super-personalities of this colossal picturization when Vice and Virtue shook the very forces of the Universe. This story is destined to become famous when flashed against the silver screen, so read it now, for the first time, in the Mystic World.

THE LAST DAYS OF A T L A N T I S

The Story of a Forgotten Race When Men Lived Like Gods

By H. Noureddin Addis

"... It appears that the population of Ireland came from the West, and not from Asia,—that it was one of the many waves of population flowing out of the Island of Atlantis."—Ignatius Donnelly.

EORWYNN felt a great surge of emotion as he looked out upon the flaring lights of the ship. There below him lay the town, its human occupation evidenced by little flickering lights here and there, and beyond, upon the dark mystic waters, tossed the great ship from Atlantis. The boy ran his fingers through the tangled masses of tawny golden hair that swept his shoulders; then settled himself to watch. His lithe skin-clad body was stretched in the rank grasses that fringed the summit of the little eminence that sheltered the town. His elbows rested firmly on the earth before him, and his chin was supported in his cupped hands.

From the distant rocky headland, behind which the port of Kirat found refuge, the swelling thunder of the surf told Eorwynn of the coming of the tide. Suddenly, like ants under the glare of the ship's lights, the boy saw the forms of the seamen galvanized into action. The metallic clank of chains reached his ears, and the whining creak of wooden winches, mingled with the shouts of human voices. Then the mechanical noises were subdued and Eorwynn saw the distance between the ship and its landing wharf slowly widening. Little by little the oarsmen forced the great vessel out. Cries of farewell between those on board and their friends on shore came audibly to the boy's ears. Messages were called out from those on land to their friends in distant Poseidonis, and invocations to the Sun-God, petitioning for them a safe voyage. Then the ship slipped further out and the shouts ceased.

Eorwynn's blood pounded through his veins and his eyes burned with avid eagerness as he watched the ship's lights receding in the distance; then, like a curtain, a wall of fog

came between and enveloped them. A moment longer he watched, straining his eyes to pierce the dense mist-wall that had cut him off from the wonders of the great world that lay beyond the ocean. Then a slight rustling sound nearby recalled him to himself, and he remembered where he was.

"Birul!" he called softly. It was the name of his brother he suspected might have followed him there.

There was no reply. He waited another moment, listening.

"Eorwynn." A soft voice whispered his name from the darkness.

"Coros." It was the dark, gentle-featured foreign boy who lived in the town, and whom Eorwynn had saved from a bear many luna-tions before.

"Thou art late, O Coros."

The foreign youth laughed gently. "Hast forgotten already? I told thee at our last meeting that I could not come to thee tonight before the coming of the tide."

"Aye, I remember. It was about a message for thy uncle, the Atlantean ship-captain, which the master of the vessel sailing just now would carry for thee. But even so, thou art late. The tide has come and gone, almost."

"The captain kept me talking. He is my uncle's friend, and had not heard before of my poor mother's death. He counsels me to return to Attl, and would have taken me on board his ship. But I could not go. I shall await my uncle's coming, which will be very soon."

"Soon?" interrogated Eorwynn excitedly.
"How soon?"

"That I cannot tell to a certainty," replied the Atlantean. "But I know it cannot be

long, for the captain told me that he feared he could not deliver my message because my uncle would have sailed for Britain before his ship arrives in Tiruaha."

"Wilt take me on board and let me look about thy uncle's ship when it comes, O Coros?" demanded the Briton.

"Aye, certainly," laughed the other, "if it will please thee. Thou canst even go with me to Poseidonis, if, indeed, I do return, which I much doubt because of the danger. That is,—if thou wilt."

Eorwynn's voice trembled with eagerness. "If I will," he repeated tensely. He paused suddenly, turning his head to listen, and touched his companion lightly as though to command silence. The Briton thought he had heard some large body moving at a short distance, and he feared lest his brother, Birul, should come upon him and this foreigner in friendly conversation. For Birul shared the fierce blind hatred of their father for this stranger race that had established its tiny colony upon their coast, and had already assumed friendly relations with the neighboring British tribes, with whom they bartered copper ornaments and tools and arms of hardened bronze in exchange for crude tin. And he knew that discovery by his brother would mean summary punishment either at his hands or those of his father.

"It is the giant that we hear," he said after a moment.

"Then Ilu is with thee again tonight?"

"Aye, he watches for the approach of my brother. Doubtless he has seen or heard something, or he would not have moved."

"Then I must make haste," the smaller youth's voice sank almost to a whisper, as he pressed a small, slightly flattened, spherical object into Eorwynn's hand. "See, I have brought something for thee. It is an amulet which I had long ago from my uncle, the seaman, and which he in turn had from one of the wise men of the White Brotherhood of Atlantis."

"An amulet?" repeated Eorwynn in a wondering whisper. "An amulet?"

He knew the speech of the strangers from beyond the sea. Ever since the day when he had slain the bear, thus rescuing Coros from almost certain death, the slender, dark lad had been his friend and teacher. So that now he knew the foreign tongue almost as well as he did the simpler, cruder speech of his fathers. But *amulet* was a word he did not know.

"Yes, an *amulet*," went on Coros. "A

charm, a talisman. Wear it upon thy person. There is that in it which protects the wearer from danger. Also—this my uncle told me under strict orders that it must not be made use of lightly—when extraordinary danger presses, when the wearer looks straight into the face of death, then break open the two halves of the amulet, and by that action wilt thou release the spirit whom the magicians have bound to the service of the wearer, and that spirit will save thee."

Eorwynn listened in silence to his friend's explanation, and, when he had done, remained for a moment seemingly lost in thought.

"Then the magic of thy wise men is greater than the magic of ours, O Coros," he whispered softly. "Nor is it hard to understand. As the wisdom of Atlantis hath grown and surpassed that of all other peoples, so their magic grows. To me it seems that magic is but another name for wisdom." And in the darkness the youthful Briton put out his hand seized the stranger by the shoulder.

"Why hast thou done this for me?" he asked.

"Because thou didst save my life," replied Coros slowly, "and, because I love thee, O Eorwynn."

For a moment the two youths stood clasped in each other's arms. But quickly and silently Coros departed. For in the darkness they had heard the sound of another body that did not seem to be Ilu's, moving slowly through the tall young grasses of early summer, and caught the subdued sound of Birul's voice softly calling to his brother.

Red Karu, the chief, father of Eorwynn and Birul, was in a fine rage. His was the largest and most powerful tribe in south-western Britain, a fact which had gained for him a position amounting virtually to that of dictator. Intertribal wars were of frequent occurrence, and, so long as two or more tribes did not unit against him, Red Karu was certain of emerging victorious.

That morning Conys of the cleft nose, chief of an insignificant tribe of tin-miners in the neighboring hills, had rejected Red Karu's proposal for his daughter's hand in marriage to his eldest son, Birul. And the insult was all the greater for the manner in which the offer had been repulsed. The messenger was beaten, his skin clothing torn in strips, and his body painted a disgraceful color. And the indignant messenger bore from the mouth of Chief Conys himself messages of the most

insulting kind both to Red Karu and to Birul, his son.

The girdle of his skin garment loosened comfortably about his enormous girth, the irate chief sat in his stone hut, drinking great draughts of a sour, ill-smelling beverage, and abusing his personal followers, who raced

"What?—a son of Red Karu a traitor?" exclaimed the chief.

"It is as I have said. Even now he converses with a lank, woman-faced one of the strangers there in the hills above the foreign village. Were he not my brother I should have slain him as he stood."

The world's greatest mystery—the "legend" of the lost Continent of Atlantis has been solved! Just as the "myths" of Troy and the Tower of Babel have been revealed as realities. Seer and scientist unite their authenticated findings as to its existence. Atlantis is the Tarshish mentioned in the Bible; the wealthy Tartessos of the Greeks, the trading center of the Phoenicians near Cadir (Cadiz), also identical with the land of Phaeaks, or Phaeceans of the "Odyssey."

The story of Atlantis as preserved to us by Plato, pictures the vanished continent as encircled by mountains, with a fertile plain in the center. Scattered through the mountains were rich and populous towns and in the center was the capitol—a mighty metropolis overcrowning all with magnificent palaces of red,

about from place to place, gathering the chief's war implements together.

One after another he smashed his great stone axes against a huge rock that stood conveniently near, until finally a highly polished weapon of native British silex stood the test.

"Good!" he exclaimed, taking a firmer hold upon the handle and shaking the axe above his head. "Now let us see that mangy old goat and his skinny-legged daughter who is too good for my son."

"Ho, Birul!" as the son in question approached.

Pausing to kick a barking dog that ran in too near his feet, and swinging the axe in an ill-aimed blow at the skull of an underling who addressed his master at an inopportune moment, Red Karu hastened forward to meet his son.

"What hast thou learned, my son?"

Birul's jealous, narrow-set eyes gleamed like those of a ferret in the middle of his fat, freckled face, and his hair hung in long limp strings from his low, retreating brow. The young man was excited, eager with information to impart to his father. "I have learned two things," he cried.

"First, my brother Eorwynn, for whom the old British tribal customs are no longer good enough, is a traitor."

Primitive savage that he was, Red Karu did not want for shrewdness. He knew the malicious jealousy borne by his lazy-witted elder son toward his alert and intelligent brother. "Thou bearest the tale, O Birul," he growled, "hast further proof?"

"Aye. Ask Ilu," returned the young man. "He has accompanied Eorwynn often."

"Ilu!" summoned Red Karu, as he turned to glower upon a great round-faced giant of a man, some twenty-five years of age, whose weapons and bearing designated him a sub-chief, the head of one of the various spets into which the great tribe of Red Karu was divided. "Knowest thou aught of these doings, Ilu? Didst follow Birul's accusation?"

"Aye, master," replied the giant fearlessly. "And what hast thou to say?" Is it true?"

"That I have accompanied my young master, yes! That he is plotting with the foreigners against his own people, no! This young stranger, Coros, whom I, too, hold in high esteem, but teaches him the tongue and customs of his race."

"In what tongue do they speak?"

"In that of Aztlan." He meant "Atlan."

"Knowest thou that speech?"

"No, my master, but—"

"Ilu!" Quick rage again shook Red Karu's voice, and he swung his heavy axe back and

forth pendulum-like as though tempted to brain the giant who stood before him, his arms respectfully folded on his chest. As usual the chief's violent mood soon abated. "How canst thou say they plot no mischief, if thou knowest not the tongue? I fear thou, too, hast learned to love the customs of

town the strangers have exchanged these foreign weapons for their metal. They are arming the other tribesmen against us."

Another spasm of rage seized Red Karu, the chief.

"Ho, men," he called. "Eorwynn, Manyx, and Ilu, gather your septs together, men. To-

white and blue marbles. The fertility of the soil and rich virgin ores of its mountains, under the master-minds of that highly evolved scientific age, proclaimed the glories of a race that will never die but grow more wondrous each year with the further explorations of our scientists. The Great Deluge that submerged Atlantis, now buried deep beneath the great Atlantic Ocean, destroyed all except the island to which Plato gave the name of Poseidonis, which in turn was submerged in the final great catastrophe of 9564 B. C. Corroborative evidence supplied by scientists' recent discoveries, deep-sea soundings, distribution of fauna and flora, similarity of language, ethnological type, by religious belief, ritual, architecture, testimony of ancient writers, early race traditions and archaic flood-legends.

our foes."

"Not so, my master," replied the giant slowly, scratching his head. "Indeed I love them not, yet find them wondrously strange and entertaining."

Red Karu looked closely at the giant. "Thy sire and grandsire served me well," he said after a moment, "aye, and my sire before me. I cannot think that thou wilt prove me false, O Ilu."

"Nor will I, my master," replied the giant.

"Ho, Birul!" roared the chief again. His son had grown indifferent and wandered away while he had catechised the giant. "What is the second piece of news thou bringest?"

"The second is that the great ship which has just visited the village of the foreigners has left with them a great store of weapons of metal. Strange things they are, O my father, and witched with magic belike. Such is their lightness that a child might wield the heaviest of the axes. And they are so delicately made and keen-edged that the same child might cleave the skull of the largest man through and through with a blow."

"I have seen the devil's weapons," interrupted his father.

"But this morning the tribesmen of old Conys of the Cleft Nose have been carrying down the metal from their mines, and in the

morrow we attack Kirat and drive the accursed foreigners into the sea."

"But I thought we were to make war upon him of the cleft nose," began the giant, Ilu.

"Him we destroy later," replied the chief. "These foreigners are arming the men of Conys now. They would set us of Britain one against the other—tribe against tribe—kinsman against kinsman. Wily men they are, and wise with the wiles and wisdom of the Lord of the Powers of Darkness, who is their father. What said our kinsman, Tori, the traveller, when he returned from voyaging on the ships of the strangers? He said that in a fair land far to the south, a land of fruits and flowers, many generations ago there came one who was a lord among these strangers from the west, and under this lord a colony was established on their coast, as they have now done upon ours. At first they were friendly to the natives of that land, and, in exchange for the produce of their country they gave them many articles of strange metals and gorgeous fabrics wrought in their own land and carried across the sea in great ships. Nor were they ever in those days outwardly at enmity toward anyone."

"But—this is as I had it from my kinsman, Tori, and he had it from the poor enslaved natives of that land in his turn. Tales

were told and boasts were made. One lord of the strangers would proclaim that among the natives tribes such an one was most powerful, another lord would choose another tribe as most worthy of that honor. Thus were wars between the tribes encouraged, until at last, so weakened were the natives, that the strangers fell upon them and conquered them with ease.

"Such, too, is their evident intention here among us. I ask you, men, deserve they not the death?"

"Death!"

The single word, coming as a chorus from a dozen throats, brazen and eager with emotion, won an ugly smile from the chief.

Daybreak found the men of Red Karu cautiously stealing down the ravines and through the densest forest growths toward Kirat. Eorwynn walked between his father and elder brother. A party of the chief's personal attendants followed immediately in their rear with orders to deal summarily with the chief's younger son should he attempt to bolt, or in any way communicate with the enemy. But such orders were wholly unnecessary, for Eorwynn, despite his imagination and his keen interest in the Atlanteans, whose very name thrilled his romantic nature, was yet too much a Briton to think of shirking a fight.

Whether or not the armed garrison supported by the foreigners was taken wholly by surprise, the outset of the battle went against them. Before the townsfolk knew of the danger that menaced them many of their wooden buildings had been fired, and in many cases they burned quickly to the ground. Women screamed. Children wept. Heavy, stone-tipped arrows whistled. Darts swished through the air. Clumsy stone battle-axes beat and crashed their way through flesh and bone. And above all rang the hoarse barbaric battle-chants of Red Karu and his painted warriors.

The great stone fortress which housed the garrison of Poseid soldiery had been originally situated at the back of the town, where it might best serve its purpose of protecting the populace against the wild tribesmen of the interior. But of late the town had so grown as a result of constant immigration from the parent-country, that the fortress occupied an almost central position. Thus the portion of Kirat first attacked by Red Karu was virtually unprotected.

Pure primitive love of combat, which had chiefly motivated the rank and file of Red

Karu's warriors, was quickly supplemented by another, and even more bestial passion—greed of loot. For ignorant and barbaric though they were and although absolutely foreign to their own mode of life, the wild tribesmen could not fail to appreciate the beauty and comfort which they found in the houses of the strangers which they were demolishing.

Through the maze of arc-shaped streets they had fought their way to the great street called the Royal Way, or the Road of the Temple, which, in the old city, ran from the citadel straight to the landing-stage where the ships from Atlantis came to anchor. About midway of this thoroughfare, upon a natural eminence, stood the great temple of the Sun-God.

Little opposition, save that offered by the inanimate—walls of rock, of wood, or of sun-baked mud, and the topographical defenses of the town—met the winning arms of the tribesmen until they reached the highway called the Road of the Temple. There they found themselves confronted by rank upon rank of soldiers drawn up in battle formation. Their lines were flanked by the impregnable walls of the temple on the one side of the thoroughfare, and by those of an equally substantial warehouse on the other.

"Let us fall upon them suddenly, take them by surprise," suggested Eorwynn in a low, eager voice.

Red Karu regarded his son suspiciously. "Dost wish the strangers to win?" he demanded.

"Not at all," returned the young man heatedly. "But since they are within their own walls and better armed than we, that would seem to be our only hope of success."

Eorwynn's explanation seemed to increase his father's rage. "Art afraid, boy?" he bellowed.

"But these men are armed with weapons of metal, and—we know not what," persisted the young man, ignoring his father's insulting query. "Besides, their magic is stronger than ours. Do but order Ilu with his archers and dart-throwers to remain behind and pour their missiles into the enemy over our heads as we charge them."

Red Karu's face grew puffy and dark with rage. He aimed a blow at his son with his heavy battle-axe of silex that would have killed the boy, had not Eorwynn leaped to one side. As it was the giant weapon hissed harmlessly by his face. "The tribe of Red

(Continued on page 58)

The Sequel to THE BHAGAVAD GITA

THE UTTARA GITA

Being the Initiation of Arjuna by Shri Krishna
Into Yoga and Duyana

By Babu Rai Baroda K. Lahere

ARJUNA, after the successful issue of the battle of Kuru Kshetra, amidst the pleasures of rank, riches, and prosperity, had forgotten the priceless instructions imparted to him by Shri Krishna, on the eve of that memorable battle. He now asks Keshava again to propound to him the secrets of the Brahma Dnânum.

ARJUNA ASKED:

1. O Keshava,* tell me the knowledge of that Brahma that is One, and without its like and rival, without Upâdhi (attributes), beyond the Akâsha, source of all purity, that which cannot be approached by argument or reached by conception, the unknowable and the unknown, and that which is absolutely free from births and deaths.

2. O Keshava, impart to me the knowledge of that which is Absolute, the only abode of Eternal Peace and Purity, the Instrumental (Nimitta) and Material (Upâdâna) cause of the Universe, though itself causeless and free from all connection.

3. Tell me, O Keshava, the knowledge of that which dwells in every heart, and that which combines the fact of knowledge and the thing knowable in Itself.

SHRI BHAGAVAN SAID:

4. O thou long-armed one, thou who art the crest-jewel of the Pându dynasty, O Arjuna, thou art most intelligent, because thou hast asked me a question which is at once most sublime and magnificent—to attain the knowledge of the boundless Tattvas. Hear, therefore, O Arjuna, attentively what I wish to say on the matter.

5. He is called Brahma, who, devoid of all desires, and by the process of Yoga, sits in

that state of meditation in which he assimilates his own Self-mantram (Pranava or Oum) with the Haunsa (Paramâtmâ).

6. For the human being, the attainment of the state of Haunsa (I am He), within his own limits, is considered the highest Dnânum. That which remains merely a passive witness between the Haunsa and Non-Haunsa, i. e., the Paramâtmâ and the destructible portion of the human being, is the Akshara Purusha in the form of Kutastha-Chaitanya (Atmâ-Buddhi). When the knower finds and sees this Akshara Purusha in him, he is saved from all future troubles of birth and death in this world.

7. The word "Kâkin" is the compound of *ka + ak + in*. The first syllable *Ka* means happiness, the second *Ak* means misery, and the third *In* denotes possessing: therefore one that possesses happiness and misery—the Jîva—is called "Kâkin" or "Kâkî." Again the vowel *a* at the end of the syllable *Ka* is the conscious manifestation of Mula-Prakriti or the Jîva form of the Brahma; therefore when this *a* disappears, there remains only the *K*, which is the One great indivisible Bliss—Brahma.

8. He who is always able to retain his life-breath (Prânawâyu) within himself, both at the time of waking and rest, can extend the period of his life over a thousand years.

9. Conceive so much of the manifested Akâsha (sky) as can be brought within the range of one's own mental view, as one undivided Brahma, then merge the Atmâ into it, and it, into your own self; this done, i. e., when the Atmâ is made one with the Akâsha, think of nothing else—as moon, stars, etc.—in the sky.*

* This is the Nirvikalpa Samâdhi—the subjective concentration of the mind, in which both the mind and life-breath become still like a flame without air.—Trs.

(Continued next month)

¶ My Secret of Youth I Give to You

EAT Your Way To BEAUTY

By Victor G. Rocine, M. D.

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY is her greatest asset, her charm is her greatest victory. There is almost irresistible attraction in beauty. A woman conquers through her charm, beauty, and amity of disposition. In all ages and among all nations, beauty has been a feminine art. Dress, jewelry, ornaments, cosmetics, manners, conventional etiquette, disposition, hair-culture, soul-culture, habits, treatments and everything under the sun, have been studied and applied, in their relation to beauty and charm.

One thing, however, has been sadly forgotten or ignored in its relation to feminine health—beauty diet. It cannot be denied that beauty has its roots in the blood, and that beauty draws its life, its inner pigments, lustre and cosmetics, from the blood itself. Such as the blood is, such will beauty be. Upon a wrong diet, the blood is not supplied with those beauty-building materials so essential for hair-gloss, eye-brightness, complexion-tint, skin-life, teeth-distinction, nail-integrity, magnetic attraction, life, vivacity, youthfulness in appearance. Beauty is born of good blood, and good blood is made of good food.

When we speak of good food, we mean such food that contains those blood elements that are required for beauty, charm, and magnetism. All foods may be called good foods; but if a certain diet does not contain the elements of beauty, charm and magnetism, such a diet would not favor beauty-building. Look at the calory glut-ton. However she is dolled up, she looks like a faded flower. She is as nervous as an intimi-dated bird. She lacks tongue, mind and nerve-control. She has no influence on her loved ones, nor in social circles. Her heart is in her throat, and her nerves tremble like an aspen leaf in the wind.

Nerve control, public influence, health, beauty and popularity, are results of a correct diet. On a correct diet, nerves are controlled, carriage is poised, thought is lucid, reason profound, mind clear, judgment reliable. A woman's popularity is in her charm and manner. That luxuriant hair, that beauty of face, that harmony of build, that delightful suavity, that aristocratic poise, that alluring gentleness, that pleasing smile, that agreeable conversation, that easy address, those

supple joints, that responsive mind, those airy spirits, that buoyant step, those delightful settings, that healthy complexion, that easy style, beauty, as delightful as the vernal sweets—what are such alluring qualities but results of a beauty-building diet?

Under the influence of a beauty-diet, it is easy to iron out the wrinkles of spite, trouble, grievance and sorrow, for there will be no wrinkles to iron out. But on a death-food diet, health is on crutches, beauty is rheumatic, the mind wanders. We are compelled to eat; we may just as well eat beauty-building food, as it costs less and saves work, nerve and brain energy, and money.

He who is ailing, eats the wrong food, no matter what he may think, believe or argue. We should learn to eat rightly and not be guided by appetite. We should let food chemistry be our diet guide. Health cannot be purchased in drug stores, nor is beauty contained in pills. Health, beauty, strength and genius are developed from within. Genius and beauty have their roots in the blood. Men are mighty and rule the world, but, in turn, they are ruled by the love and beauty of women.

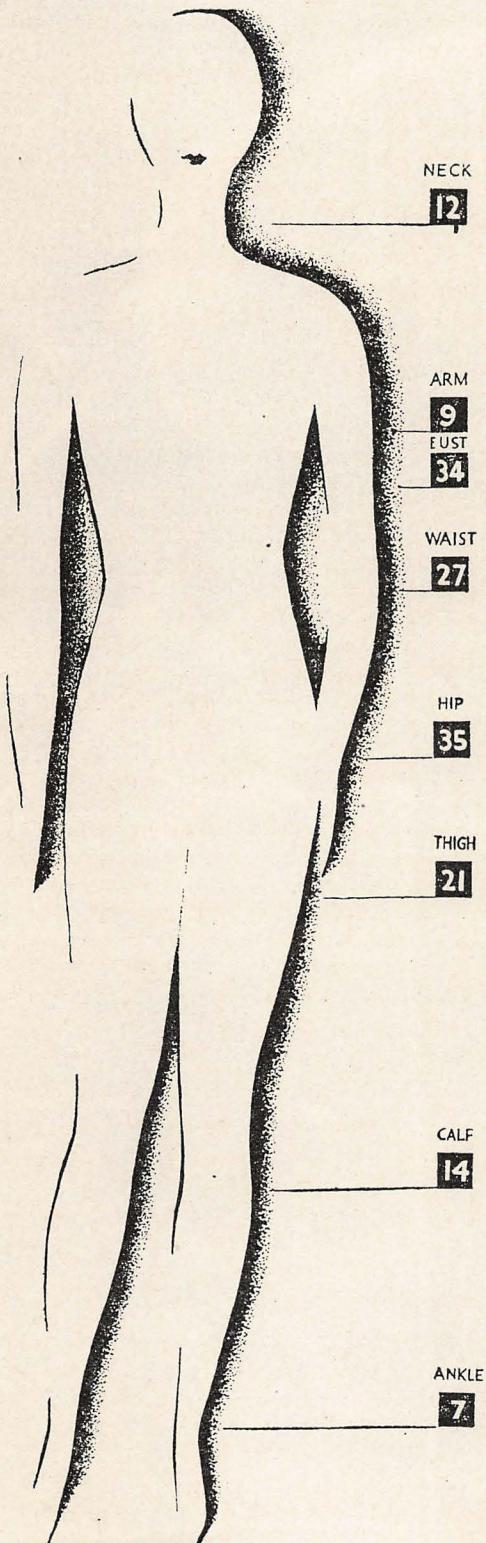
A beauty diet must carry those blood elements that are essential for hair lustre, nail gloss, nerve life, brain nutrition, skin beauty, youthfulness of appearance, complexion tinting, voice tone, bust-building, teeth protection and gloss, otherwise beauty-building is not possible. Beauty cannot be made of foodless food, any more than a house can be built of idle dreams. Beauty is made of beauty-building blood material found in beauty-building food. A beauty diet must contain such food elements that are required for flexibility of bone, agility and swiftness of motion, skill of finger technique, ease and fluency of speech, readiness of mind, grace of physical movements, pliability of joints, harmony of figure, flexibility of bone, life and brightness of eye, chatoyment of skin and tone of muscle. The blood-building material must be in the blood before beauty-building is possible. Hence, such food material must be supplied in the daily diet, or the beauty culture artist is working at a great disadvantage.



NORMA TALMADGE

As beautiful a lady as ever wore crown or coronet.

FREE OXYGEN—THE ELIXIR OF LIFE



WITHOUT free oxygen, we are ready for the undertaker in four minutes of time. Of all of the sixteen elements that support life, none is more important than free oxygen. Oxygen is the element of stir, rush, vim, life, animation, upbuilding and elimination. When oxidation stops in the tissues and in the blood, the thread of life is spun, the heart stops and the eyes close in death.

The greatest enemies to free oxygen are carbon dioxide, glucose, sweets, starches, body acids, food acids and gases generated in the body from foods that are excessively high in carbohydrates, protein, table salt and sulphur. Candy, glucose, sugar, sweets and starches are oxygen thieves.

They lower the oxygen function and generate more carbon dioxide than we can normally excrete. Sulphur gas is a dangerous food gas because it penetrates into the hemoglobin of the blood and crowds out the free oxygen. Many people have died of "epilepsy," convulsion, "heart failure," thrombosis, paralysis, under the very nose of science, in a very brief space of time. If we eat rightly, we need not fear germs and bugs, neither do we need scientific dope, nor bloody operations. Health, beauty and long life are in the food that we eat, in the air that we breathe, in the blood that circulates in our blood vessels, in the eliminative processes, and in the soul that built us.

OXYGEN DEFICIENCY SYMPTOMS

—(Air Hunger)

WHEN there is an insufficiency of free oxygen in our blood and tissues, beauty is on crutches. Then, a thousand and one symptoms appear, such as indifference, drowsiness, failing memory, lack of mental concentration, lack of attention, semi-unconsciousness, distant-mindedness; our thoughts are in fetters, our will seems hypnotized, and our resolutions are like smoke. We hardly know what is going on around us, neither do we care. Using the brain and tongue is an irksome task. We become exceedingly sensitive to cold, wind, draughts, smoke, excessive heat. Germs thrive in our tissues and turn our tissues into catarrhal mucus, pus, phlegm, waste and soil disease. We begin to die by inches and the doctor's dope only rushes us to the grave on an express train. We feel more depressed,

Chart to the left (through the courtesy of Charles E. White, famous beauty expert) shows the ideal dimensions of the body beautiful for perfect health and womanly beauty.

weak and useless towards sunset and during the night than we do after the sun appears in the east. We feel as if we are in a mental fog, most of the time. Work is distasteful to us, and people call us lazy. We feel strengthless, lifeless, cheerless, hopeless. Choky sensations bother us. We do not like to hustle, nor engage in the hum of life. We become absent-minded and forget our own knowledge and the lessons given to us by our teachers. We are like big babies. We are half asleep. We are like eagles with broken wings, with one foot in the mud. We fear trouble and become grumblers. There is a tingling sensation in the throat, itching in the nose, clammy skin, monkey-face complexion, spongy gums, blotchy face and neck. We pant for air, confusion may bother us at times, our cheeks fade, our blood becomes impure. We have no energy. We are neither dead nor alive.

WHAT SULPHUR FOOD DOES FOR US

SULPHUR, as found in food (not drug sulphur) has many functions to perform in the body. It balances phosphorus in the brain, and prevents excessive heat generation in the brain, thus preventing brain trouble. Were it not for the influence of sulphur, the brain would become so inflamed that there would be danger of insanity. Sulphur holds phosphorus in check in the body also. Phosphorus, without sulphur in the body, would so overstimulate certain organs that they would become abnormally enlarged. Sulphur acts on, or in, hair, skin, nails, liver, brain, bile, blood, nerves and on the sexual secretions. Sulphur has a great deal to do with the beauty of hair, skin, nails and complexion.

Great complexity in the sulphur and iron molecule increases the demand for oxygen, as every food chemist knows. This results in greater oxygen consumption, greater fertility and productiveness, more life, vim and vigor, greater sexual energy. This atomic complexity of the iron and sulphur molecule can be observed in poultry species, also in people in whom oxygen is unusually energetic.

Absolute sulphur starvation in people leads to complete sterility, lack of life, vim and physical magnetism. Nails, skin and hair are not supplied with normal life, nutrition and vitality. The hair roots die, the hair falls, the skin looks dead and the nails weaken, resulting in nail ailments of some kind, such as softening, ulceration, atrophy, overgrowth, brittleness, bending, falling, nail-tumor, horny

growths, splitting, deformity, hang-nail, spotting, ingrown nails, etc.

A sulphur diet favors the transmission of nerve force, the normal flow of the bile, better bowel action, hair growth, skin beauty and capacity to produce more perfect offspring. It favors womanhood and feminine attractiveness.

SULPHUR EXCESS SYMPTOMS

SOME foods are excessively high in sulphur, such as Brussels sprouts, chervil, dill, endive, horseradish, mustard, radishes, nasturtium, kale and others. If we eat several of such high sulphur foods, month after month, lastly we would suffer from sulphur excess symptoms, such as terrific bloating, sudden prostration, air hunger, spasm, self-poisoning, cold perspiration, convulsion, perhaps heart failure through excessive sulphur gas generation and toxic symptoms.

Only a small per cent of food sulphur is required each day. Two little radishes, or one Brussels sprout, or one egg-yolk, or a few leaves of dill, or of endive, or of chervil, or of nasturtium, or of watercress, or a small dish of steamed onions, or a small dish of cauliflower, or a third of a teaspoon of mustard, or horseradish, etc., contain enough of food sulphur for one day. Other foods are also high in sulphur. Some foods are low in sulphur, as, for instance, rye. This is why correctly made rye-bread favors health in times of sulphur excess. In fact, all low sulphur foods favor our health at such a time.

There is no honor in surgical operations, no beauty in disease, no charm in dope, no action in the grave. Health and beauty demand that we eat rightly. A correct diet is a safe life insurance.

SULPHUR DEFICIENCY SYMPTOMS

WHEN there is a deficiency of sulphur in our body, we know it by some one, or more than one, of the following symptoms: Jerky nerves, fitful moods, fussy notions, poor morning appetite before eleven o'clock A. M., sudden changes in complexion, sudden stuffiness and panting for air in warm rooms, morning fatigue, tired eye-lids, touchiness, flushes of heat, great nervousness, sore feet, rash, sudden indigestion, lame fingers, sexual irritation, frigidity, partial closure of the throat, dry catarrh, spells of temper without any seeming cause, strained nerves, tension in the neck with restlessness and headache, in-

(Continued on page 62)



A Dangerous True Story of The Occult from Everyday Life!

By
Maris Warrington

¶ A Portrait of this internationally known author (to the left) whose writings show this startling insight into the realities of life after death.

I HAD never given spiritualism a thought, or regarded it as a scientific subject; to me it was sufficient to live in the present a pure, clean life, to follow the Golden Rule to do unto others as I would they should do unto me.

I had some vague idea that spirits were dim, misty forms, that floated in a nebulous way above the clouds, without substance or form. To conceive them as personalities possessing brain power never occurred to me until I came in contact with a series of inci-

dents which, although they read like the fanciful weavings of a very vivid imagination, are absolute facts.

I will supply but very few words by way of explanation, but will let the narrative speak for itself, as I am not capable of expressing in words what the spirits describe so ably. Readers may believe or not believe, it matters not one whit to the author, but truth in her case far outdoes fiction.

It was on a lovely day in June that I first saw Brenda Lee. My little maid informed

Pastime

*"Oftimes fools rush
in, where angels fear
to tread."*



Illustration by Mahrea Cramer

me that a lady wished to see me in the reception room. At first a sense of annoyance came over me as I held in my hand the piece of pasteboard that bore her name. Why, thought I, should I be disturbed to see this stranger who in all probability was looking for some kind of subscription? However, the name attracted me, and I concluded I would talk to her.

I was agreeably surprised, on entering the room, to see a tall, attractively gowned woman rise to greet me. I have a penchant for pretty women, and while I cannot say that the lady standing before me was exactly pretty in a pink-and-white style of beauty, she had a bright, intellectual face and she had learned the art of dressing to perfection.

"Pray be seated," I said, noting the soft brown eyes of my visitor and how well her hat became her—a big leghorn with a drooping mass of purple wistaria falling gracefully at once side. "What can I do for you?" I asked graciously, for her very personality had won my indulgence.

"I hope you will not laugh at me," she replied. "I come to you upon a strange errand. I have called upon you five times, and was almost about to give up hope that I should meet you. I have traveled all the way from Boston expressly to see you, and did not like to give up until I had accomplished my purpose. I was compelled to see you," she said in a low, sweet voice.

"'Compelled' is rather a strong word to use, is it not?" I answered with a smile; "we women of today hardly recognize that word."

"I trust you will forgive my intruding upon your time when I give you my reason. I have read of your work, and wish you would let me be your friend in the truest sense of the word."

"Thank you; I am really charmed to meet you, Miss Lee, but I am curious to learn why you have come from Boston merely to make my acquaintance."

"I am greatly interested in psychology to begin with; are you?"

"Not in the least. Whatever put such an

idea into your head? You see, Miss Lee, I am the most practical person alive, and haven't much time for that sort of thing," I answered with a laugh. "But we will discuss this mighty question over a sociable cup of tea if you like."

She began to pull off her long gloves in a diffident manner as she assented to my proposition.

"Are you not a spiritualist?" she asked at length.

"A spiritualist? Why, no; I have, I might say, a wholesome fear in regard to the dead, and I think we had better not probe too far into the secrets that lie behind the veil; but I do not attend seances or anything of that kind. As a child of seven to ten years old I lived in a town where a number of people held seances in their homes twice a week. They were a devout little band of earnest seekers after the truth, and I saw many wonderful things that made a deep impression upon me, but time has made the memories dim by now, and the great changes that go to make up life have driven spiritualism quite out of my mind."

"I thought you were a medium!" she said in surprise.

"I a medium? Oh, no; that is, not that I know of; but I was born of psychic parents, and am the oldest child, so I may be inclined that way. But do you know I think it is a terrible thing for that class of people to accept money, from credulous persons, for telling them things which I do not believe they have any faith in themselves."

"I am sorry that you see it in that light, for I have taken this long journey to see you in response to a message from the spirit world given to me by a medium."

"Do you really mean to tell me that they gave you my name and address?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, and I want you to believe it," she answered earnestly.

"I wonder who could send me a message; really, I think it delightful to have some one tell you to come to me, and I am full of curiosity to hear what you have to say."

"I must suppress the name for the present. He says that in life he never knew you, but I am to follow his instructions and I shall see wonders performed. Sometimes he comes to me in dreams; at these times he is as tangible, as real, as you are to me now. I did not know him in life either, but now he is a very dear friend to me. I went to a

circle in Boston, a poor, shabby little place, and this man who had been dead scarcely a week spoke through the medium who is what they call an impressionist."

"Mr. So and So wishes to say that he is here and very anxious to speak to you all," she said."

"There was a smile of incredulity at the mere mention of the name, for this man had been a power in the world. Nations were wont to wait upon his word, and the financiers of the world awaited his nod."

"There was not one in that room who believed that he was there save myself, for I said 'Why should he not return if he desired to?' His magnetism was so great that he could sway the world and bring crowned heads to his terms, and I believe if he wished to he would make himself heard even after he were dead."

"The spirit was very much disappointed at his reception on earth, and announced that he would look for his own medium and make people acknowledge that he could still make them feel he was a personality, though dead."

"The message he gave was this: 'I wish you would go to New York, madam, and call upon a Mrs. St. John, whose address I will give to you. Ask her to accompany you to a circle to be held on Thursday afternoon at 53 Beverly Road, Newark. There I will try and speak to you in my own voice and tell you something that will convince you that it is indeed I who am speaking. Furthermore there is one who desires that you ask this lady, to whom we are sending you, a special favor; ask her if she will allow her mind to become a perfect blank for the time being. There is one who is most anxious to write through her, and we will feel grateful to you for your compliance with our wishes.'

"I am only a beginner in this field of research. Will you go with me to this place? I have ascertained that such a meeting is to be held on the day mentioned and I am so anxious to make the test."

"I am amazed that this woman could give you my address," I answered; "and, just to please you, I will go with you; but I want to warn you that I do not believe in these meetings. I think there is a lot of trickery and chicanery about them. I take it for granted that you believe you are right, but I have yet to be convinced of the truth of these matters."

"I am just learning myself; I am interested and willing to learn. In some inexplicable

way I am drawn toward this study of the occult, but I am far from being a spiritualist as yet. I have taken up theosophy for some time in order to protect myself."

"Protect yourself?" I echoed. "From what, may I ask?"

"From leaving the body and going on long journeys I know not whither; I have a fear that some day I shall fail to return to my body, so I want to learn how they manage this kind of thing."

"Boston is certainly too far advanced in the sciences for me," I said with a laugh; "I would never believe such a thing possible unless I could do it myself; I would not believe you unless you sat there and demonstrated for me the truth of your assertion."

"Perhaps I may do it for you when we are better friends," she answered quietly.

"Very often I see my body lying on the bed, and I wonder in a vague way how I am going to get back into it again."

"How interesting and how very extraordinary! I hope you will tell me all about this strange experience. Can you remember where you go in this strange manner?" I asked, my interest now fully aroused.

"Sometimes I bring back with me a vague recollection that seems to be like a dream; I know that I go to distant cities, for I find myself moving with the crowds of people; I seem to float, as it were, just above the ground, propelled by an invisible force. Once I went to St. Louis. I saw quite plainly the rows of red brick houses one below the other, for the street through which I was passing was built upon a hill. In front of them were little gardens inclosed with a brick wall. Standing on this street I could see before me the city, with its numerous buildings, its streets and wharfs."

"That," said a voice, "is the old town, and that yellow, muddy-looking streak in the distance is the Mississippi River." That journey I can remember because it was on the earth plane."

"Good gracious, can you visit the astral plane at will? I don't know anything whatsoever about any old planes, but it's so strange to think you can go wherever you like."

"Not where I like," she corrected, "but where I am taken. I know when I am about to go, and, really, I rather like the sensation; it is quite pleasant. As yet I have not learned to control the astral body, but at this place we are going to I expect to receive some specific instructions. This spirit who asked me

to come to you has promised to teach me wisdom."

"I hope he will, I am sure. You are very confident of this spirit guide. Was he your friend and well-wisher in life?"

"No, I think I told you I never knew him in life; but now that he is dead, as they say, I presume he can choose whom he likes as his friend. He was a well-known American who has but recently passed away. In life he was very powerful, very magnetic, and with his oratory he ruled the people—made or broke them, as he desired. To a certain extent I think he retains that power still."

"What did he look like? Can you describe him?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, yes; but please remember I am describing the man who is dead; I never saw him in life. He wears a gray tweed suit, the pockets of which are well worn; he has on a disreputable-looking blue tie and a straw hat. He is of medium height, with blue eyes that can be stern, yet quizzical at times. He told me that if I would only believe that the dead can return, he would prove it without a doubt. 'Have faith, let us be good comrades, and I'll make the world sit up and take notice yet.'"

"He is evidently quite jolly," I said gayly. "But let me advise you not to have any faith in this appointment of yours, for I am afraid you'll find there is no truth in it."

"I have the utmost faith in his word," she replied, "for in life he was never known to break his word; and if the dead can return, he will meet me as he has promised." With this she took her departure.

I must confess I was interested in her bright and original personality; her words opened to me a new world. Her conversation had fascinated me and I determined to see the adventure through.

The following Thursday she called for me. She looked so lovely in her white gown that I wondered at her fads. As we bowled along the level roads I found her a most charming companion. She was a college graduate, at once cultured and refined, with a grave, dignified manner that won approval from all with whom she came in contact.

The motor came to a stop in a very poor section of the city. Our objective was a house, evidently that of a mechanic. I glanced at my companion—surely she would not dream of entering such a place! My doubts were set at rest, for her spirit friend would never meet her in such a place, I thought confidently, for

he was not used in life to such humble surroundings, of that I was quite sure.

Miss Lee alighted, ordered her chauffeur to return at five, and led the way up the shabby steps of the house to which we had come.

When the door opened, we were greeted by a pleasant-faced woman about forty, who looked as if she expected us.

"We have come to your meeting," said Miss Lee, with a smile.

"Come in; you are most welcome," said the hostess, as she ushered us into the front room, where a dozen or more women were gathered.

"Ladies," said our hostess, "we are about to have our regular monthly meeting, where we meet together for prayer and consolation and the privilege of speaking to our loved ones who have gone before. Those who come to scoff are not welcome, and those who cannot stand the criticism of their so-called Christian neighbors had better leave before we begin. If our subject were to talk suffrage or scandal, work doilies for the heathen while our children go without clothes, the world would tolerate us; but because we come here to talk with those we loved and honored, we are dubbed a lot of cranks by the community in which we live."

The medium now arrived. I watched her with interest, for if there were any scoffers present it was myself. A prayer was said, a hymn was sung in a devout and reverent spirit, then all joined hands in a circle, and very soon after the spirits began to arrive.

It was all very amusing to me, for they seemed to herald their approach with numerous aches and pains. For the medium announced each arrival by the pains she suffered, as, for instance:

"I feel a dreadful pain in my right knee," or, "Oh, my, how my head bothers me!" or, "My throat is very sore." By these tokens those present seemed to recognize their own special friends. It was evident to me that, contrary to the Biblical statement, there was any amount of pain over there. Directly opposite to me sat a colored girl, evidently a maid or waitress by the few words she had spoken. I knew that she was very ignorant, and it was easy to discern that she had not

long been up from the South. I saw this girl give one or two gasps and fall backward in her chair. Some one said, "Don't mind her, she is entranced and undeveloped as yet; but she will be all right by and by."

To my intense surprise she sat up, and in a pleasant masculine voice said:

"Some one would like to talk to John. Well, here he is."

At this interruption the medium sat down with her aches and pains and I could see that she quickly recovered and was rather nettled at the colored girl taking the floor.

"Any one hear recognize John?" she asked shortly.

No one answered; John was not expected.

"Come, come!" said the colored girl. "Don't keep me waiting. I want to talk to you, miss."

Brenda arose and crossed the room to the girl, who took her hands in both of hers and gave her a hearty handshake.

"You doubted I would come, but I hope, living or dead, I shall never break my word. I assure you that I am delighted to hear the sound of my voice again. You wished to hear me speak in an audible voice; well, how do you like it? I am only allowed the privilege of speaking but a very few minutes in the flesh as it were, but I want to say to you: Keep right on; seek the higher wisdom, and your eyes shall be opened and you shall learn all you desire to know. Now pleasant dreams and *au revoir*."

The girl awoke and at once relapsed into the ordinary speech habitual to the colored race.

I was amazed, not so much at the message as at the bluff, hearty way in which she had spoken; the language and voice had been that of a cultured man of the world. After this a tall, ungainly woman arose and sang an operatic air in German with all the grace and finesse of the finished prima donna and the voice of an angel. I had come to scoff, but I went away convinced that there was more than I could account for in this science. It was quite beyond my comprehension, for I learned that the singer in a normal condition could not sing a note, and the grammar of the colored girl was something atrocious.

(To be continued)

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WESTERN SYMBOLOGY

Numerology and The Robots of Civilization

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

SYMBOLS have always held a deep place in human interest. In the earliest civilizations we began to make signs and objects to symbolize our meanings. The East has been the birthplace of symbology. The West, from the first, carried many of the old patterns used in the days of golden interpretation—adding its own symbology as its consciousness grew, and there came a larger need of characterization.

The modern day is full of its own symbols. Perhaps it is true that these are in their infancy only. Today's first rays are embodying gigantic patterns of revelation. The "Great Iron Men—the Robots"—symbolize the lessening of manual labor. The big motor trucks symbolize the freedom of horses from deadly cruelty—and tell the value of life on the animal plane. The great airships tell of humanity's freedom from fixation. The great ships and continental motor busses are a new symbol of modern transportation and association. The graceful, solid bridges symbolize the oneness of land and water—with the hospitality of state and nation. Huge libraries symbolize the activity of man's conscious thinking. Art galleries everywhere symbolize the activity of the growing vision of humanity's Great Within. The churches in civilized lands symbolize the story of a larger vision. Every spire and turret says,

"Remember Good."

At last men are finding that they, them-

selves, are only symbols of some great power that is always registering itself from atom to celestial hosts. We now know that there is nothing in all the universe but *form*, and that form of any kind is symbolical of universal intelligence.

What has been called formless is only form too high to be recognized. We have found that if the very so-called "invisible" could be contacted on its own plane, it, too, would become visible and symbolize itself for its own protection.

We are all carded, colored, named, and placed in the great universal field of expression. Here we have been from eternity's dawn; and here we will be in some symbol to its close. John Smith may have been only a speck of mist up there at some level of life, but centuries of living stepped him down until, in order to place him and to register him in this time and age, he had to become the outer picture of his inner self, and thus he became catalogued in the book of life under the symbol known as John Smith.

Every form in nature from atom to celestial host is simply the symbol of life passing itself on in manifold contacts, conditions and expressions. Each one of us are only the symbols of our own thinking, and these thoughts have established vibrations which have posited in form. Our personalities, whether good or bad, are simply symbols of our actions and reactions in life.



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Our homes, our environments, friends, work, pleasures, country, race or peoples, husband, wife, children, situations or things, are all symbols of our consciousness. They symbolize states of mind which were lived in and intensified by desire so long that they projected themselves into form and have become the symbol of our inner desire world.

Symbols in any department of the self or its environment are signals of the sort of power that has posited in us. This is released from form as soon as the power is withdrawn. Richard Blair will look like himself and act like himself and draw just the same things to himself as long as he does not change the consciousness within, which has made him what he is. But, let him have a decided change of mind, heart and environment for five years, and none of his old friends will recognize him. Why? Because he is really no longer Richard Blair; he has built a new symbol of himself from the substance of his new contacts and his new interior impulses.

Whenever the stream of power that posits in a form is withdrawn, its form must change. This is done either by death, change of mind, location, or attitude. The death of a flower comes when the life stream is diverted. The wilting rose continues to wilt until it is again attached. The dying tree continues to die when its roots are severed. We all know the changing symbols of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—just a symbolic response within to the stimulation of universal force.

Study the glorious buildings produced by architecture of centuries gone by. They are passing away because the minds that posited them are also gone. "Back to the earth again ancient and God-like things fade like a dream." One who knows the deathless story of symbology wrote: "Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away, and still the vast waters above thee shall roll, earth loses thy pattern forever and aye." This pattern was symbolic of a point of consciousness which

can never gather again in the same vibration —hence the eternal loss of that form.

Symbology began when life began, because when life began it flung its own form around it. Symbology will last as long as life lasts, for the end of one pattern is just the beginning of another—thus the symbol of eternal life.

Every human being is one of the patterns of the universal intelligence in action in form. Our name, our birthday, our homes, our personality, our combinations for marriage, for love, for success, for failure, for freedom or bondage, are simple signals of our desires. They become the handwriting on the wall of our own life which can tell us truly, throughout all time, the story of our own creating.

Symbology is the great recording finger on the blackboard of time, which "writes and having writ moves on." All our piety and all our tears cannot wipe out a line of it. This is as the "Lamb's book of life," in which our name is written. This book of life is the symbol of our own evolution.

Symbols tell us unhesitatingly the story of our personal pathways of desire as we came on through life—the picture of our own greatness or littleness.

"See yonder field, the sessamum brings sessamum, the corn brings corn," both symbols of the seed sown.

It is not an accident that we were born in January or September, or born in England, America, or in other places, in other days, months, or years. These things are only symbols of ourselves. We are just where we belong or we would not be there. We choose to be born. We choose our own father and mother. We choose where to be born and when. Our desires are cosmic laws! not one jot or title of the law will ever pass away.

Western symbology has grown up; it is now capable of reading from the pages of the book of universal life. It is now ready to read the

(Continued on page 63)



In The BOG LANDS

By

Harrie Vernette Rhodes

INTUERI has been persuaded to come to this region, popularly known as the Bog Country, that she might learn more of its manners and customs, and gain experience and a broader understanding.

Far from her native land and alone with strangers in this land of bogs, the girl often grew nervous and afraid of the many strange sights and unusual sounds she encountered. Instead of dampening her courage, these experiences led her to become more than ever wide-awake and interested in everything about her. Young and beautiful, in moments of deep emotion her large blue eyes took on violet hues and sparkled with strange lights. At such times her golden hair appeared like burnished copper and its depths glowed with red-gold fire.

Immediately upon her arrival she had seen a young man whose fine face and polished manners greatly attracted her. Being timid, she had not attempted to make his acquaintance, but often remained where she might watch him, yet she herself would be unseen. She admired his dark, curly hair, and his brown eyes that could smile or snap with power, as occasion demanded. Once she watched them become deep wells of thought as he became oblivious to all but the problem over which he pondered. Her hostess called him Myndan, and he seemed to be recognized as a member of her family.

The hostess warned Intueri against venturing far from home, as she explained that bogs lay in all directions and were treacherous and unsafe unless one was trained in their ways. However, one day when Intueri was alone, she walked out into the yard, down the drive-

way between the tall trees, and out upon the highway.

The sunlight was warm and invigorating. A little way across the marsh she saw a bush with beautiful red berries glowing like balls of fire in the sunshine. "Surely," she thought, "nothing can harm me here. I can see every step of the way, and I must have a look at those berries!"

She was surprised to find that the bush seemed little nearer after some minutes' walk. She was obliged to watch carefully for fear of slipping, so she did not notice that the sunlight was fading and at last it had disappeared completely.

Just as the last pale yellow ray of light died out, she reached the cranberry bush and found that the berries were still unripe and bitter.

Cold fog rolled in gray clouds over the bog. Its clinging fingers seemed to be stretched out to grasp the young girl as she stood watching it. It wrapped its blanket around her shoulders and she shivered with its chilliness. vainly her eyes sought to pierce the gloom and her ears listened for voices which would assure her she was not alone.

She stood upon a lump of dirt held together by the roots of grasses and weeds, and for the moment felt secure. All about her was the swamp whose mud and mire held danger in their depths. Here and there were the safety-spots of the bog similar to her present resting place.

She had paused to examine the berries, and, fascinated by the rising fog, she had watched it pile layer upon layer over the wet places, or drift lazily on the slight breeze, until she



HARRIE VERNETTE RHODES

Noted author who is coming to the front as an inspirational writer who interprets the new spirit of the age in the mystic language of this modern day.

found herself enveloped in its veils, and her sense of direction was completely lost.

Helplessly she waited, fearing to take another step, until necessity compelled her to move. Feeling her way, she walked onward for some time, then halted. She made a note of a cranberry bush nearby, with its berries just turning red. Yes—it was the same bush she had seen half an hour before, when the fog began to hide the way. Now she realized that she had been walking in circles in the fog and that her efforts had been wasted. She was lost—hopelessly lost!

Finally she decided that her only safety lay in remaining where she was until the way became clear again, for the fog grew more dense and heavy each moment. It seemed like a living creature which had swallowed the earth and thrown all its life into oblivion.

Hark! What was that dull sound? Was it a human cry? Yes, its muffled calls came nearer and soon Intueri recognized Myndan's voice in tones of distress. "Hello! Hello!" Then through the fog loomed a shadow which took the form of Myndan as it drew closer.

"O, Myndan," she cried, "be careful where you step!"

Myndan paused in astonishment, and then with a jump reached her side.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked.

"I am lost in this marsh," she answered. "Its relentless fog has hidden the way from me and only this red cranberry bush assures me that I am not far from home."

"I, too, am lost in the mist, and but for your calling my name in the darkness, I should have gone in the opposite direction, farther and farther from home," said the young man. Then, with a puzzled look, he added, "But who are you? How did you know my name?"

"Never mind now," said the girl, with a laugh. "It is enough that you are here and not going farther away with every step."

Slowly they began to pick their way across the marsh, testing with their feet each clump of earth before they stepped upon it. Since they were together, the way seemed less hazardous and the darkness of the fog seemed less dense and bewildering.

Myndan turned often to look at the girl whose arm he held. He noticed her beauty and the appearance of refinement, and decided she was far too beautiful to have lived long in the bog country. After a long silence he spoke to her once more.

"Where do you live?" he asked, then added, "I am consumed with curiosity to know how you know my name."

Intueri did not answer his implied question, but smilingly said:

"Oh! I have watched you many times when you left your room and wandered in the rose garden or sat under the tree."

Myndan gazed at her in speechless astonishment. Then he found voice to ask: "Where have you been hiding all this time and why have I not seen you?"

Intueri hesitated as though uncertain what to reveal. Then she told him that she was a relative of the hostess. Unknown socially, she was obliged to remain out of sight of the other guests and was allowed to mingle with them only when her services were required.

Myndan seemed to disapprove of this and asked hastily: "Why have you never come out when I was present?"

"It's this way," faltered Intueri, "whenever you are with the guests they do not pay attention to others—you see, you have such a brilliant mind and are such a splendid entertainer that they need no one else."

"Bosh!" ejaculated Myndan. He remained silent for several minutes, but at last said, thoughtfully, "It is strange that we have been living in the same house and yet have not met. Explain to me why you have been kept out of our sight so long. Why has our hostess failed to introduce you to us?"

"My family is related to her, but we are considered peculiar and so we are not welcomed by her society," explained the girl.

"You are beautiful enough to grace any society," exclaimed Myndan, "and I fail to see anything peculiar about you. What do you mean by 'peculiar'?"

"I'll tell you," resumed Intueri, "we do not walk the beaten path of earthly man. We follow the laws of our own homeland. Therefore, we are called unnatural and even queer, although the reason is that people here have not cared to learn about our beautiful laws and customs. In this land of bogs men have made highways which they call 'convention' and no one is supposed to endeavor to explore any place off the highway."

"That is true," returned Myndan, "but there are bogs and danger-spots which must be avoided."

"Granted! But I have also seen highlands near here, and even mountains where few, if any, persons live."

"Yes, there are such places," said Myndan, "but most persons prefer to live in the lowlands, where there is more excitement. There the business and social activities keep them so engrossed that they have no time to think of life's real problems."

"There!" exclaimed Intueri, "you, yourself, have just explained why folks consider me peculiar. I prefer the quiet, restful places where I can dream dreams, see visions, and receive beautiful truths inspirationally."

"No wonder you are beautiful! I can well understand how blasé and uncomfortable those others would feel in your presence. You make me feel as though you could read my inmost heart," cried Myndan.

"It is not that those others are not worthy," Intueri gently explained. "They have filled the brain with the things of material life so that the higher mind cannot find access to its service; thus there is no opportunity for pure reason and logic to operate."

"Ah! I just said you could read my inmost heart, and you have now disclosed its dominant thought. How do you accomplish it? What is this power you possess?"

"Just as mind uses reason and logic to arrive at conclusions, so the soul uses intuition and emotion to reach its conclusions," she answered.

"Why! Now I see!" rejoined Myndan. "That explains why so few persons have true equilibrium. Some have intuition and some use mental processes."

"That's it!" agreed Intueri; "neither one alone is complete, for each must be balanced by the other."

Suddenly Myndan stopped and listened.

"Hark! I hear the big bell which rings to guide those who are lost in these fogs. Someone has missed us. They are sending us assistance."

Intueri smiled as she looked at the man beside her. She thought of how long she had waited for this very opportunity of meeting the one she knew intuitively was "her man."

Glancing down into her upturned face, Myndan saw the light of love and it thrilled him with new and hitherto unknown power.

"Darling," he cried, "let us give thanks for the fog. It is through the fog we found each other. In this fog of earthly life we have met, and your intuition and my reason, wedded, shall guide us to the heights of saner and happier living!"

The Art of A L C H E M Y

The Middle Ages present us with few figures more romantic than the Alchemist. Feared for his magic, more than one suffered the penalty of the stake as a grim reward for his reputed dealings with the Evil One. And yet to these pioneers of independent thought in their eternal search for the Philosopher's Stone civilization owes much. They were the world's first scientists. Now that true Alchemy is understood, sensible men seek today the magic formula for the transmutation of their baser metals (physical passions) into that spiritual gold which is the reward for the transcending of physical senses in evolving into the super man.

By Adiramled

KAPH K (Practical Lesson No. 1)

THE eleventh letter of the Hebrew alphabet, the first of the higher symbol series, is KAPH, meaning literally, the Palm of the Hand, and signifying strength.

The matter which was hidden by the veil of Isis in Beth (2) becoming animated in He (5), being justly applied in Heth (8), now comes into potential manifestation in KAPH.

The hand might be perfectly formed, but, if it were not animated with life, applied to an object and directed by will, it would be powerless to execute that for which it was designed.

The Tarot figure corresponding to this letter is called Strength and shows a Maiden opening the mouth of a Lion.

This Maiden is the Virgo who has met the true object upon which she is to exercise her strength; and, while it appears a conquest, it results in a union by which the seemingly vanquished powers of the Lion are augmented a thousand fold.

This dual force in itself is something irresistible, and one which, if applied to apparently inanimate objects, will effect magical transformations.

Take a simple illustration: The blood flowing in the veins is the Red Lion. The air we breathe is the Maiden. By this air the blood is energized and transformed into wonderful, living tissues.

The air, in this illustration, is comparable to the Mercury of the alchemists, while the

blood is their Sulphur. In the *Turba Philosophorum* (Assembly of the Sages) we read, "In the estimation of all sages, Mercury is the first principle of all metals. . . . As flesh is generated from coagulated blood, so gold is generated out of coagulated Mercury." Trevisan says, "Gold is nothing but quicksilver (Mercury) congealed by its sulphur."

Broadly speaking, Mercury is Water, and Sulphur is Earth. Mercury, the "messenger of the gods," is always shown with wings on his heels and helmet, which is expressive of the volatility of water through the agency of fire. In his hand he holds a caduceus, formed of a rod about which two serpents are entwined—expressive of One Substance containing two principles, *i. e.*, Fire and Water.

If we look upon these mythological figures as merely representative of certain fabled deities, or even interpret them as astronomical realities, we shall fail to grasp their real significance.

Alchemy, alone, explains their true meaning.

Mercury is the mystery of magic. The story of Christ is the story of Mercury, which, if divested of its allegorical garb, is beheld, not as the history of any personality, but as the description of a principle.

This principle, apprehended as energy actively expressed is creation, is Mercury, Christ, God, or anything else we choose to name it.

Alchemy, science and religion, if properly understood, are synonymous terms, since they all express a mental recognition of the one great central fact, or principle of existence.

There is a very general misconception of the term, *Alchemy*. It is commonly regarded as a pseudo-science, based upon the chimerical dreams of certain medieval philosophers, relative to the discovery of a means for transmuting the base metals into gold and of prolonging life at will.

This discovery was known as the *Alkahest*, or Universal Solvent. By its use all imperfect things were said to be brought to the highest state of perfection. The word Alchemy, itself (generally believed to be of Arabic origin, from *al*, the, and *komia*, secret thing), goes further back to Chaldea and Egypt where *Al* or *El* meant God, and *Cham* the Sun. The word means virtually, The power of the Divine Solar Influence expressed in Nature.

Although the term, Alchemy, was not employed before the middle ages, yet the Art which it represents is as old as the world, being known formerly as Magic. Owing to the ignorance of the times, the cupidity of rulers and the practice of charlatans, this art fell into disfavor and partial obloquy, so that in modern times it is little wonder that it is numbered with legends and fairly tales.

The fact is, however, that Alchemy is an art so great and sublime that it is worthy to be called the only Art; for what is known as science today is, indeed, but little more than the ripples, or waves, upon the vast sea of Alchemy.

Furthermore, if the principles of Alchemy were universally known, religion as now understood would appear puerile.

The more man progresses in the line of intellectual achievement the further he gets from the central truth; conversely, the further back we go in the history of civilization, the nearer we shall find man to this center. The heathen, worshiping the symbol of stone, the pantheist reverencing God in Nature, the sun worshiper, adoring the great central luminary, were, in a certain sense, much nearer the truth than the modern religionist, bowing down to an idea of which he has no definite or fixed conception.

The church has clung to its symbols without being able to understand or interpret them.

Alchemy alone shows where they originated and what they mean. Take, for example, the symbol of the Trinity.

The ecclesiastical trinity is founded wholly upon the alchemical tri-unity of natural principles.

1. The Elohim, *fire-air*.
2. Mary, *water*.
3. Jesus, *earth*.

This is shown in the following diagram:

1	2	3	4 (or 1)
IOD	HE	VAV	HE
Fire	Water	Air	Earth
Mas.	Fem.	Neut.	Mas.

It is apparent that while the Divine Name, IEVE, is completed in Earth, or 4, yet this 4 is but the basis of a new triadic series of emanations.

This *Earth*, then, must contain all other elements. In the one, therefore, there are four, but the only visible elements are Water and Earth, the others being invisible and only recognizable as inner principles, or formative energies.

Alchemy explains all the mystical and seemingly impossible sayings of the bible. For example that of Nicodemus, "Can a man when he is old enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born again?" and that of Jesus, "I and my father are one."

Earth may be alchemically resolved into Water (its original womb), and this water into Air (its original father). By "father" is meant the supernal father-mother: Ether is the father and Hydrogen the mother of all things.

The highest expression of divine activity is bi-une, or sexual. If it be the highest, it must be the lowest. Man is the macrocosm, or synthesis of all lower forms of expressed energy.

When it is said that Man is made in the image of God, it means that Mind is that image.

Intellect may arrogate to itself the exclusive possession of Mind, but Intuition recognizes Mind to be universal. Every atom, every stone, every tree *knows* and understands.

This vast Mind has been intellectually separated into higher and lower, conscious and subconscious, mind.

This division is entirely arbitrary and unreal, as are the terms organic and inorganic.

But in no way can we so fully comprehend this fact and come into the consciousness of the omnipotence, omnipresence and omniscience of God as to begin at the foundation, the lower, subconscious, inorganic realm, where God is discovered as a Being, apprehensible to the touch, the sight and other ordinary senses.

Jesus, after his resurrection, said to his disci-

ples, "Behold my *hands* and my *feet*, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."

In this text the occultist reads that by *hands* are meant the volatile principles. Fire and Air (Gemini), while by *feet* are designated the fixed principles, Water and Earth (Pisces), of that marvelous creation, the Philosopher's Stone.

It is an error to suppose that the Alchemists made gold and precious stones. They never pretended to do this. They simply learned a way to assist Nature and accelerate her performances.

Man has a unique tool, Reason, and a superior method, Analogy, by which he can seize upon the operative principles of Nature, can become the loving consort of Nature, assisting her to work with greater ease and rapidity.

Hermes, by long reflection and deep meditation, discovered the principle that Gold is the ultimate intention of every metal, whatever its present form.

That is to say, all common stones, minerals and metals are crude forms of gold. Hence all minerals contain the seed of gold. It may be ages before the seed ripens and the mineral be perfected where it lies in the bowels of the earth, but ultimately it will be brought to such perfection by natural processes. This principle, of course, is unknown to modern science, and can only be apprehended and accredited by being demonstrated, and this demonstration is the *Magnum Opus*, or Great Art of Alchemy.

The study of Alchemy is unlike that of any other. The available books on the subject are written, as it appears, to conceal more than reveal the operative principles of the Art. There seem to be no teachers.

It is apparent that, if one ever lived who accomplished so great a feat as the *magnum opus*, he would not need to write a book or to teach. If he did so, we must certainly believe that he was actuated only by the purest and most unselfish motives, and, if in his book or teaching he did not openly reveal the secret he possessed, we must consider that discretionary reasons probably withheld him from doing so. The history of the medieval persecutions of Alchemists, together with one's knowledge of the cupidity and treachery of the world at large, would, I think, be sufficient to either seal his lips or cause him to reveal the knowledge from all save the tested and trusted few.

It has been proven in *all* times that only those who apprehend the value of silence ever comes into possession of this Truth.

It is something that never yet has been transmitted by word of mouth. It is projected by the thought of more advanced minds, and gained only through intuitional perception *in the Silence*.

Only one person should ever share this confidence with another, and that other should be a true and loving companion of the opposite sex.

It is advisable for two to work and think together, because in this way the *thought* becomes wholly *sexed*, intellect supplements intuition and results are apt to be surer and quicker.

Not that it is impossible to come into this unfoldment alone. Many of the older alchemists were monks, one was a cardinal, one a pope, many were hermits.

No great preliminary knowledge of natural science as now understood is necessary. In fact, technical training of this kind is apt to blunt the faculties to a perception of true natural principles.

This is proven by the fact that very scholarly men usually can see no reason in Alchemy, and nearly all such men fail when they try to demonstrate it. Observation of natural phenomena, reasoning from cause to effect and effect back to cause—above all, patience and perseverance are necessary to accomplish this work.

In the words of the learned author of the *Hermetic Arcanum* (Jean d' Espagnet), "A studious Tyro of a quick wit, constant mind, inflamed with the study of philosophy, very skilful in natural philosophy, of a pure heart, complete in manners, devoted to God, though ignorant of practical Chymistry, may with confidence enter into the highway of Nature and peruse the books of the best philosophers; let him seek out an ingenious and sedulous companion for himself, and not despair of obtaining his desire. . . . Let a lover of truth suspect things that are quickly understood, especially in mystical names and secret operations; for truth lies hid in obscurity; for philosophers never write more deceitfully than when plainly, nor ever more truly than when obscurely."

Reliable books are the tools of the miner by which he enters the Golden Mountain.

The magical secret is the discovery of the substances entering into our art—objects sym-

bolized by the Maiden and the Lion. All the rest is said to be "child's play and woman's work."

I shall describe these objects in a thousand ways, point them out by correspondences in nature and show them in the symbolism of ancient writings and inscriptions.

One of these I found in the ruins of the ancient temple of Heliopolis in Thebes, the other I met in Asia Minor.

The Egyptians had a certain feast during which they celebrated the passage of Osiris into Isis. They also had a tradition that Isis was wont to shut Osiris up in an ark for a year at a time in order to regenerate him. As is well known, Osiris is the Sun and Isis the Moon; but how the sun could enter the Moon, or be shut up by her in an ark is an astronomical conundrum, and yet to the Alchemist it is plainly understood.

Osiris is the Lion (earth) and Isis the Maiden (water). Those who succeed in performing the magical experiment at the close of this lesson may comprehend the real significance of the matter.

Furthermore, Osiris, the Sun or Leo, is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" (Rev. 5:5); and if you read Jacob's blessing to Judah (Gen. 49:8-12) you may gain an important suggestion relative to the *nature* of this leonine principle.

Remember, that the names Juda, Judah, Judas, Judea, Jew, are practically the same. If this be rightly understood, it will be seen why the Jew refuses to accept the man Jesus as the promised *Messiah*, though he instinctively enough recognizes GOLD as the most perfect symbol of his Ideal.

We are seeking, for natural objects and not metaphysical fancies. Our reward will be the discovery of the *actual substances* of which the Philosopher's Stone is compounded.

Lest you be dismayed at the improbability of their existence, I assure you they are as real as the substances entering into the composition of the bread you eat.

The Lion is *Sol*, Sulphur or Fire: the Maiden is *Luna*, Azoth, or Water. Hermes says "Fire and Azoth are sufficient for thee." Do you not observe that Water is stronger than Fire? But in Alchemical Art the Woman conquers only to be finally overcome by the Man, for the intent is that they shall be united forever.

Azoth is a veil for the "Star of the East."

And now I must tell you an alchemical legend the occult facts of which are wholly true.

During the Crusades, a venturesome Spaniard, having forced an entrance into the Mosque, chipped off with his sword a piece of this stone, which he subsequently brought back and gave to the King of Spain. Here it was called the Magic Stone, since every one who touched it or even looked upon it came into some good fortune.

Finally a certain monk who gazed upon it long and earnestly had a vision concerning where its *ore* could be obtained, and thereafter it was secretly manufactured by him and other brothers of the Monastery for the purposes of Magic Art.

It is authentically stated that this monk transmuted tons of gold and endowed many monasteries of Europe which are standing today as monuments of his achievement and generosity.

Finally he was caught by the Turks who, to avenge the ancient theft, caused him to be stoned to death.

This *star* is one that fell to earth in a meteoric shower at one time during the era of Mohammed. It was found by some Bedouin Arabs near the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Libya. Being recognized by them as a stone of real value and wonderful virtue, they esteemed it a gift of God, brought it to Jerusalem and placed it in a Mosque where it became known as The Stone sacred to Allah.

It has most truly been said that if "God" had not let fall this *Stone* to earth, the art of Magic would be a vain pretense.

Our search, then, shall be to find this astral *stone*, the Maiden of our Symbol.

"Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.... The *stone* which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

AN EXPERIMENT—Take two saucers, or other dishes which you are not particular about keeping.

Place in one of them about two tablespoonfuls of ordinary rainwater. In the other put a spoonful of Plaster of Paris. Place the tip of the finger in the water and reflect upon the following facts.

1. The water, no matter how *cold* it is, contains a certain amount of heat, or it would not be water, but ice; and no matter how hot it is, it contains cold, or it would already have evaporated.

Therefore, you reason that the *cause* of its remaining as water is due to a certain equilibrium, or balance, between the opposite conditions of *heat* and *cold*; and furthermore, that this result is effected through the temperature of the *air* in the water.

2. Now, turn your attention to the earth, and by analogous reasoning you will perceive that

(Continued on page 61)

A Liberal Education
Awaits
You!



Astrology Simplified

By
CHARLES W. DENICKE

LESSON I

THE Horoscope is a chart or map of the heavens, showing the position of planets in the zodiac and their connection with each other and the earth. At the true local time of birth when the infant inflates the lungs and utters the first cry, the exact location of birthplace must be known—the longitude and latitude. The magnetic and electric vibration of the planets and zodiac focus direct at the birthplace. The tender and helpless infant takes on all the conditions operating at that moment—the ingress of the life forces.

The Zodiacal Sign is a principal factor in determining the basic constitution and form of the physical body, which is thus indelibly stamped on the new vehicle and retained through life. The *ego* selects the parents and the particular time to be born. The present is the result of a past life. We are now preparing for the future. It is simply the law of cause and effect, or compensation. There are certain aspects of astrology which are capable of being considered in the light of physiological and even super-physical interpretation, but the fact remains that it is above all a science capable of matter-of-fact application.

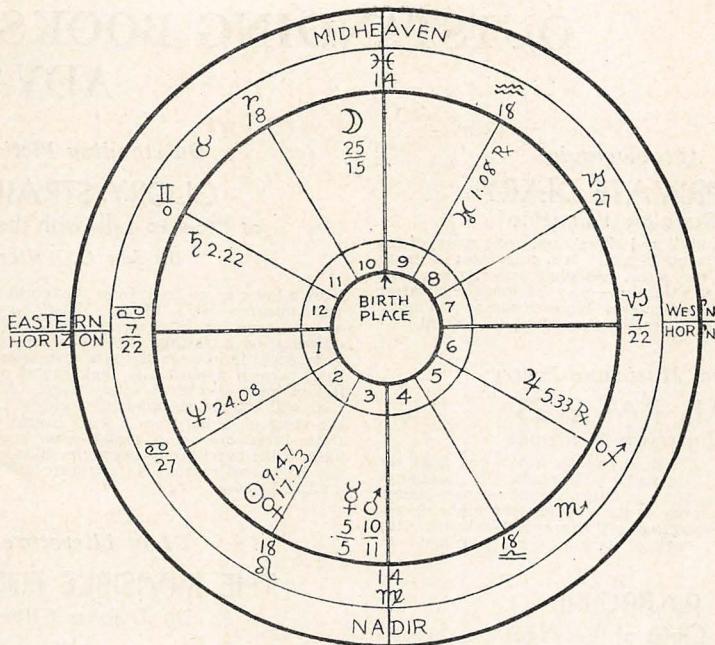
The planets are globes like our earth, differing in size, which move through the heavens at various distances and at different rates. Astronomers have made such an accurate

science of the study of the planetary motions that we can by the application of certain rules tell where any given planet was, or will be, in the heavens, at any stated time.

Each planet has its own individual influence. Sometimes a planet's influence is very powerful, sometimes weak, and sometimes neutral. The power of its influence at any given spot on the earth's surface depends upon its position in the heavens as seen from that place.

The next factor in practical astrology is the *zodiac*. As the planets move round the heavens they always keep to a comparatively narrow path which circles right round in the sky. This path is called the *zodiac*, which is divided into twelve equal parts called *signs*. Like the planets, each of these signs is capable of exerting a very powerful effect. To find which signs are likely to affect a person we have to compute where the signs were in the sky at birth. The zodiac also modifies the effect of the planets, according to where they are, at the time, within it.

The motion of the planets is capable of being calculated, and their respective positions can be found for any time, present, past or future. The planets' positions are shown in the horoscope (see Diagram 1), which also shows the position of the signs of the zodiac in relation to the time and place for which it is calculated.



The horoscope gives a general representation of the sky above, and the nadir. It shows the heavens just as a man would see it if he were at the center of the earth and the earth could be seen through a glass.

The heavens are divided into twelve segments (like the segments of an orange), six above the horizon and six below (see Diagram 1). These segments are called houses. When we speak of a planet being in any given house, we mean that it is placed, at the time in *that* particular part of the heavens. The houses are divisions of the heavens relative to the birthplace. The signs of the zodiac are divisions of the heavens relative to the vernal equinox. Each of these houses has to do with its own special phase of human life. If we ascertain where the planet is and know its nature, we can safely say that the life of an individual will be influenced in accordance with the phase of life that the house in which it is found rules.

In Diagram 1, you will note these houses are numbered. The first house begins just beneath the eastern horizon, and each is numbered, anti-clockwise. The influence of planets in the houses on various departments of life has been observed to be as follows:

1st House: bodily form, temperament, early environment and childhood home.

2nd House: finance, gains, losses.

3rd House: literature, the useful arts, prac-

tical intelligence, short journeys, brothers and sisters.

4th House: the home conditions in old age, property, the parents.

5th House: amusements, courtship, children, speculation.

6th House: health, servants, and labor.

7th House: partnership, marriage, wedded life, the fine arts and the public.

8th House: death, inheritance, losses, property of the dead.

9th House: long journeys, religion, philanthropy, idealism, philosophy, profession, justice, psychic life.

10th House: honor, profession, social position and ambition, business.

11th House: friends, hopes and wishes.

12th House: prisons, hospitals, sorrow and trouble, secret enemies, restraint.

In calculating a horoscope, the birthplace is always considered to be the highest point on the earth. It is designated by an arrow on Diagram 1, and the point right above it in the sky is called the mid-heaven. As an observer in the northern hemisphere must always look south to see the noonday sun, it follows that *east* is to the *left* and *west* is on his *right*. The eastern horizon is called the *ascendant* because at that point the stars rise or ascend toward the mid-heaven, and for the reverse reason we call the western horizon the *descendant*.

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your stars are favorably aspected-

Scientifically calculated for the
the astronomical month of Decem-

(Find the sign in which you

		LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
If you were born in CAPRICORN Dec. 22 to Jan. 20	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 22, 23, 27..... Jan. 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.....	Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31 Jan. 6, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15...	Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31 Jan. 6, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15...	Dec. 23, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 Jan. 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 18
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 26, 30..... Jan. 6, 8, 9, 19.....	Dec. 23..... Jan. 1, 18, 19.....	Jan. 1, 18, 19.....	Jan. 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 16, 17, 19
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 24, 25, 28, 29, 31... Jan. 1, 2, 5, 7, 10, 11, 20...	Dec. 22, 24, 29... Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 16, 17, 20...	Dec. 22, 23, 24, 29... Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 16, 17, 20...	Dec. 22, 24, 25, 26 Jan. 1, 2, 15, 20
If you were born in AQUARIUS Jan. 20 to Feb. 19	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 22, 23, 30..... Jan. 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 14, 16, 18, 19.....	Dec. 21, 22, 23, 26, 28, 30... Jan. 1, 5, 6, 9, 11, 18...	Dec. 21, 22, 23, 28, 30... Jan. 1, 6, 9, 11, 18...	Dec. 21, 22, 23, 28, 30 Jan. 3
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 24, 26, 27, 31..... Jan. 5, 8, 15.....	Dec. 24, 31..... Jan. 2, 3, 8, 10, 15, 16, 19...	Dec. 24, 31..... Jan. 2, 3, 8, 10, 15, 19...	Dec. 24, 26, 27, 29, 31 Jan. 8, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 21, 25, 28, 29..... Jan. 3, 4, 6, 7, 17.....	Dec. 25, 27, 29..... Jan. 4, 7, 12, 13, 14, 17...	Dec. 25, 26, 27, 29... Jan. 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17...	Dec. 25 Jan. 1, 2, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18
If you were born in PISCES Feb. 20 to Mar. 20	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 23, 25..... Jan. 3, 4, 9, 11, 14, 15, 18, 19...	Dec. 2, 3, 24, 25, 26... Jan. 3, 7, 8, 9, 11, 18, 19...	Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26... Jan. 8, 9, 11, 18, 19...	Dec. 24 Jan. 3, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18, 19
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 20, 22, 24, 26... Jan. 2, 5, 6, 8, 10...	Jan. 5, 15, 17.....	Dec. 21..... Jan. 4, 5, 14, 15, 17...	Dec. 21, 22, 23, 25 Jan. 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 15
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 21, 27, 28..... Jan. 1, 7, 12, 13, 16, 17, 20	Dec. 20, 21, 22, 27, 28... Jan. 1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 20...	Dec. 20, 22, 27, 28... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 12, 13, 16, 20...	Dec. 20, 26, 27, 28 Jan. 1, 7, 8, 12, 17, 20
If you were born in ARIES Mar. 20 to Apr. 21	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 21, 22, 25, 29... Jan. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 21...	Dec. 25, 29..... Jan. 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 19, 21...	Dec. 25, 29..... Jan. 6, 7, 8, 11, 14...	Dec. 21, 22, 25, 27, 30 Jan. 4, 9, 11, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 23, 26, 28..... Jan. 4, 13, 18...	Dec. 21, 24, 26, 30, 31... Jan. 9, 13, 15, 18, 20...	Dec. 21, 23, 24, 26, 30, 31... Jan. 9, 13, 15, 18, 20...	Dec. 23, 26, 28, 29 Jan. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15, 17, 20
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 24, 27, 30, 31... Jan. 3, 8, 9, 12, 17, 19, 20...	Dec. 22, 23, 27, 28... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 16, 17...	Dec. 22, 27, 28... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 16, 17, 19, 21...	Dec. 24, 31 Jan. 1, 7, 13, 21
If you were born in TAURUS Apr. 21 to May 22	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 25, 26, 27, 30... Jan. 2, 6, 8, 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 22...	Dec. 24, 25, 27, 29... Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20...	Dec. 24, 25, 27, 29... Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20...	Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28 Jan. 6, 16, 20, 21
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 23, 24..... Jan. 1, 3, 4, 5, 11, 14, 15, 17...	Dec. 23..... Jan. 10, 16, 18...	Dec. 23..... Jan. 16, 18...	Dec. 23, 24, 29, 30 Jan. 1, 2, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 19
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 28, 29..... Jan. 7, 9, 10, 18, 21...	Dec. 26, 28, 30... Jan. 1, 7, 8, 9, 22...	Dec. 26, 28, 30... Jan. 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, 21, 22...	Jan. 3, 4, 7, 10, 15, 18, 22
If you were born in GEMINI May 22 to June 22	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 23, 28, 29, 30... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, 18, 19, 20...	Dec. 23, 28, 29, 30... Jan. 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 21...	Dec. 23..... Jan. 1, 2, 9, 11, 12, 13, 21...	Dec. 29, 31 Jan. 1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 12, 15
	Neutral Days..... Jan. 10, 13, 15, 16, 21...	Dec. 31..... Jan. 3, 5, 7, 8, 15, 16, 19...	Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31... Jan. 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 15, 16, 19...	Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30 Jan. 9, 10, 13, 16, 19
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27, 31... Jan. 6, 7, 8, 14, 17...	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27... Jan. 4, 6, 14, 17, 18, 20...	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27... Jan. 4, 6, 14, 17, 18, 20...	Jan. 4, 6, 7, 8, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21

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first time for each birth-period for
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were born and read to the right)

		LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
If you were born in CANCER June 22 to July 23	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30..... Jan. 1, 7, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20.....	Dec. 22, 23, 24, 27, 29.... Jan. 1, 7, 10, 16, 19.....	Dee. 29..... Jan. 7, 10, 16, 19.....	Dec. 22, 23, 29, 30 Jan. 6, 7, 9, 10, 14, 20, 22
	Neutral Days.....	Jan. 2, 6, 11, 22.....	Dec. 26..... Jan. 2, 6, 9, 12, 13, 14, 17, 20, 22.....	Dec. 22, 23, 24, 26, 30.... Jan. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 12, 14, 17, 20, 22.....	Dec. 24, 26, 27 Jan. 1, 2, 8, 11, 12, 16, 17, 19, 21
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 25..... Jan. 3, 4, 5, 8, 12, 13, 15, 18, 21.....	Dec. 25, 28, 30.... Jan. 3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 15, 18, 21.....	Dec. 25, 27, 28.... Jan. 3, 4, 5, 11, 13, 15, 18, 21.....	Dec. 25, 28 Jan. 3, 4, 5, 13, 15, 18
If you were born in LEO July 23 to Aug. 24	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 23, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30 Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 12, 16, 22, 24.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 29, 30.... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 16, 19, 22, 24.....	Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 16, 24.....	Dec. 23, 26, 27, 29 Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 19, 22, 24
	Neutral Days.....	Jan. 6, 9, 13, 17.....	Dec. 23, 27..... Jan. 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 17, 20, 21.....	Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29 Jan. 1, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22.....	Dec. 24, 31 Jan. 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 18, 20, 23
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 25, 28, 31..... Jan. 1, 8, 11, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23.....	Dec. 28, 31..... Jan. 11, 18, 23.....	Dec. 28, 30, 31..... Jan. 8, 11, 17, 18, 19, 23..	Dec. 25, 28, 30 Jan. 1, 8, 11, 17, 21
If you were born in VIRGO Aug. 24 to Sep. 23	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 31 Jan. 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21.....	Dec. 24, 25, 28, 29.... Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17.....	Dec. 24, 25, 29..... Jan. 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 15.....	Dec. 24, 26, 30, 31 Jan. 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 17, 18
	Neutral Days.....	Jan. 1, 3, 12, 14, 15.....	Jan. 9, 14, 15, 21.....	Dec. 28, 30..... Jan. 8, 9, 12, 17, 18, 21...	Dec. 25, 28, 29 Jan. 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 21
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 27, 28..... Jan. 7, 10, 19.....	Dec. 26, 27, 30, 31..... Jan. 7, 8, 10, 19, 20.....	Dec. 26, 27, 31..... Jan. 1, 3, 7, 10, 16, 19, 20.	Dec. 27 Jan. 7, 19, 20
If you were born in LIBRA Sep. 23 to Oct. 24	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 22, 25, 26, 29, 30.... Jan. 3, 17, 20, 22, 23.....	Dec. 25, 30..... Jan. 3, 9, 13, 22.....	Dec. 25..... Jan. 3, 9, 13, 22.....	Dec. 22, 25, 29 Jan. 3, 20
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 28..... Jan. 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18, 19.....	Dec. 22, 29..... Jan. 7, 8, 10, 19, 21, 23...	Dec. 22, 29..... Jan. 7, 8, 10, 18, 19, 23...	Dec. 23, 24, 26, 27, 28 Jan. 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 23, 24, 27..... Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 14, 15, 21.....	Dec. 23, 24, 26, 27, 28.... Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.....	Dec. 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30 Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21.....	Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 13, 14, 16, 18
If you were born in SCORPIO Oct. 24 to Nov. 23	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 30, 31..... Jan. 2, 3, 10, 14, 15, 19, 23	Dec. 27, 28, 30, 31..... Jan. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 23	Dec. 27..... Jan. 3, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 19.....	Dec. 31 Jan. 3, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 27, 28..... Jan. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 20	Dec. 29..... Jan. 4, 11, 20.....	Dec. 29, 30, 31..... Jan. 2, 4, 5, 11, 14, 15, 18, 20, 23.....	Dec. 27, 28, 30 Jan. 2, 4, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 17, 19, 20
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 29..... Jan. 1, 4, 5, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26..... Jan. 1, 16, 17, 21, 22.....	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 28..... Jan. 1, 7, 16, 17, 21, 22...	Dec. 24, 25, 26, 29 Jan. 1, 5, 18, 21, 22, 23
If you were born in SAGITTARIUS Nov. 23 to Dec. 22	Favorable Days.....	Dec. 29, 30..... Jan. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 17, 22.....	Dec. 24, 26, 30..... Jan. 3, 7, 9, 10, 16, 21....	Jan. 3, 7, 9, 10, 16, 21....	Dec. 30 Jan. 3, 11
	Neutral Days.....	Dec. 24, 27..... Jan. 6, 8, 10, 13, 16, 20...	Dec. 27..... Jan. 4, 6, 8, 13, 17, 20...	Dec. 24, 26, 27, 30..... Jan. 4, 6, 13, 17, 20...	Dec. 26, 27, 29 Jan. 1, 6, 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20
	Unfavorable Days.....	Dec. 25, 26, 28..... Jan. 1, 2, 14, 15, 18, 19, 21	Dec. 25, 28, 29..... Jan. 1, 2, 5, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 22.....	Dec. 25, 28, 29..... Jan. 1, 2, 5, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 22.....	Dec. 24, 25, 28 Jan. 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22

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Psycho-Analyzing a Nation

(Continued from page 8)

46

And this condition, the prophesied self-destruction not ensuing, cannot be otherwise than a perpetual one, unless the ignorant and illegal majority rule is replaced with an enlightened minority government, whose correct mentor or executive would automatically qualify for the office in having the highest grading in the answers to questionnaires, which the candidates themselves prepare.

47

Before a majority surrenders to a minority, a general intellectual enlightenment will have to be accomplished in the submission of incontrovertible evidence that there is widespread degradation of the minds of the masses.

48

To do this it will be necessary to establish only the fact that majority rule outside of politics, in its demand for mass production, is increasing an already excessive and dangerous over-specialization, and causing the payment of a perpetual premium on perpetual ignorance, concomitantly destroying the incentive to true intellectual development, with a concomitant mass increase of feeble-mindedness.

49

In over-specialized commercial business there is this same perpetual premium being paid on perpetual ignorance, partly to insure a minimum of labor turnover, and partly to avoid competition for the positions nearer the top of the ladder, which might result in sending those higher up, over the top and at the enemy; thus office workers and subordinate employees are being paid larger salaries than they naturally would be given, or equal to the salaries they would receive in, and thus check their ambition to qualify for, positions requiring more intelligence and training; only the exceptionally ambitious individuals being able to pass the Dwellers on the Threshold and the Keeper of the Gate.

(Continued next month)

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I Got Tired of Being a Failure

(Continued from page 22)

deep down in the heart of you and the soul of you—there you will find it. And when you bow yourself low with returning courage and confidence and hope, listen for that soft, mild voice speaking from the depths of the silence:

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War Neurosis—	Uncontrollable Temper—
Poverty Complex—	Shell Shock—
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REGD TRADE MARK

The Last Days of Atlantis

(Continued from page 30)

Karu has but one chief," growled the enraged father between clenched teeth, and swung his axe upward for another blow.

Eorwynn stood, head erect and arms folded, fearless. Through tribal traditions he was too firmly grounded in filial duty to lift his hand against his parent, yet incapable of running away. His great eager eyes were fixed upon his father's face, watching to evade the blow when it fell.

There was a sudden commotion in the ranks of the Britons grouped about their chief and his sons. The gigantic form of Ilu burst from their midst and the giant ranged himself beside Eorwynn.

Red Karu paused. "Ha, Ilu, wouldst dare lift thy hand against thy chief?" he cried. "Out of my way, dog, else I shall cleave thy great bull's head as well."

"Very well, master," replied the giant, looking down upon the enormous chief, dwarfed to insignificance by his own bulk. "Split my head if thou wilt; I shall not lift my hand, but at least Ilu shall have done his duty in defense of his chief's blood."

The chief's sudden rage against his own son was brought to a speedy end by the attack of the foreign soldiers, who had improved the time by swooping silently down upon them. The light, slender arrows of the Poseids, metal-tipped and of needle sharpness, took a terrible toll of the Britons from the first volley, as did their strange disc-shaped missiles which were thrown from tubes of metal. Then they closed in sharply about the natives and their foreign blades bit deeply into British flesh, while the great unwieldy stone weapons of the latter fell with a minimum of slaughter upon the shields and armor of Atlantis.

On either side that day many a warrior found occasion to demonstrate his strength and prowess. Time and again was British bulk and sheer bull-strength pitted against the wiry litheness of Atlanteans in single combat. Sometimes one, sometimes the other won. Yet to the hardy tribesmen it became increasingly clear as the day wore on and the battle raged to its climax, that British axe of flint and oaken staff were no match for the long shining swords and bronze-studded bucklers of the strangers.

But one end was possible to the fight.

(Continued on page 64)

A BUSINESS FORECAST

For the Astrological Month of
Dec. 21, 1930, to Jan. 22, 1931

What Will Happen in the Next 30 Days?

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

GENERAL BUSINESS conditions are very unfavorable. Obstructions will prevent the consummation of many large financial deals. This is a time for bankers to exercise caution as the public will be unreasonable in its demands. Conditions become more critical December 21 and a few days preceding, and on January 2 to 9, inclusive, when extraordinary precaution should be used.

METALS AND MINING

THIS is a depressed period for iron, copper, coal, and all other earth-products, with no immediate relief to be expected. The situation is precarious. Great disasters threaten loss of life and property through fire, air and water. "Safety First" inspections and preventive measures by mine-owners and managers can avoid catastrophes. Do not wait to carry out the dead! Do your part now, and save lives that might otherwise be lost.

TRANSPORTATION AND MARINE SHIPPING

NO SIGNS of improvement can be found for land transportation beyond the present inactivity in transportation. Terrific storms threaten marine shipping.

REAL ESTATE

THE STARS indicate no encouragement in any immediate realty improvement. Wise realtors will lay their foundation now—for future business. Rapid-fire and high-pressure sales-methods will only irritate the now erratic mind of an uneasy public.

AVIATION

ETHERIC conditions for next thirty days are unstable, and aviators must not attempt experimental or stunt flying—nothing out of the ordinary—but should use their best common-sense to simply insure safety.

LABOR

LABOR conditions will manifest very little improvement. Labor will meet with obstructions with danger of labor troubles. Patriotic Americans will not support the rising Communistic trend.

HEALTH

DIET and fads in foods will swing to the extreme, with injury to health, if indulged in.

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The Art of Alchemy

(Continued from page 49)

its dryness must have resulted from calcination, or heating, whereby the moisture has been driven out of it. By this, you will see that *moisture* is a necessary condition of solidity. No amount of heating or freezing can affect the condition of an earth in which all moisture is wanting.

Formerly this powder was a stone, common gypsum, such as is used in fertilizing fields; as it is, you may call it a pulverized stone, or an earthy powder. Pour the water upon the earth, and you have united the *female* to the *male*, in fast and indissoluble union. The wedding will be over in a moment, and you will miss the bride only as you see that she has given a new form to the husband.

You simply have, in place of water and powder, a *white stone*. But, although it appears one cold, hard substance, you realize that it is composed of two substances uniting the *four elements*, Fire, Air, Water, Earth.

By this experiment you may easily understand the meaning of the Hermetic paradox, "It is a stone and no stone." Had you possessed in this experiment the *right* materials, you would have before you, instead of the hard little lump of gypsum, the true stone of the Philosophers.

In future lessons we shall make other experiments but none more instructive than this. Thus God made the earth, The Elohim (fire and air) moved upon the face of Chaos (mud) and tempered the *mixture*, producing by circulation, a *separation*. From this action resulted a sediment of denser matter called Earth (*Aretz*) which had fallen downward, while the lighter and purer water (*Mem*) remained above. This is the separation of Eve from Adam.

But the water loved the earth and returned to its embrace again and again, each time purifying and refining it a little. The result of this ceaseless interaction of the elements in time produced man as we see him. The earth has at last been formed into bones—precisely the same material as our gypsum. These bones are now covered with flesh (the ancient mud), through which courses the blood (the water of the primal chaos).

The highest expression of the original *Mem*, or Men (fire-air-water), is MEN-TALITY (will, conception, mind).

By applying the Mind to the contemplation of natural phenomena, particularly that of generation, man is enabled to stand in place of the Creator, hatching his own little world out of the Philosopher's Egg.

(To be continued)

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Chinese Pulse Diagnosis

(Continued from page 24)

kidneys which they communicate to the other parts.

All the conditions of these parts can be discovered by the difference of the pulse.

The pulse is caused by motion, and this motion is caused by the flux and reflux of the life principle, or spirit, which is conveyed by the already mentioned twelve methods, to every part of the body.

Everything that causes motion thrusts forward some movable body, and everything that is moved, either easily gives place or makes resistance. Thus, as the blood and life principle are in perpetual motion, and strike against and press the vessels in which they are conveyed, a beating of the pulse must unavoidably arise.

The knowledge and perfect comprehension of these beatings and percussions, are the means by which the condition of the body and the effects which it is receiving from the elements are discovered. By these beatings, one may know the nature of the blood and life principle and also what defects and excess may be found therein. It is a skillful physician's business to regulate and reduce them to their first temperament. In other words, to tune them.

(Continued next month)

Eat Your Way to Beauty

(Continued from page 35)

tense jealousy because the sexual system is irritated, rush of blood to the brain, weakness, anemia of the liver, deficient bile flow and consequent dryness of the bowels, with stubborn static constipation; hot, agitated nerves, mildly inflamed brain, resulting in fussiness, temper, home quarrels and divorce; dry inner heat, with great discomfort, great craving for sympathy and love, with a tendency to fuss, complain, perhaps quarrel with the lover or husband; liver torpor, with biliousness, a smothered sensation, confusion from street car motion, perhaps vomiting at times on street cars, dry piles, dry bowels, dry throat, skin eruption, uterine and menstrual dryness, with tendency to tumor or fibroids, constant swallowing, belching, craze for fresh moving air, eroticism, psycho-sexual excitement associated with frigidity and so on.

(Continued next month)

Western Symbology (Continued from page 42)

symbols of its own pages and to answer the seemingly unanswerable scrolls. What are the laws of consciousness behind our hovel? The hovel is only a symbol of something else. Who is our false friend? He only came as the outer picture of our own law. How can anything so seemingly holy as our love-story ever come to be only a tragedy of hate and despair? Why were our hopes dead almost as soon as they began? Dead hopes symbolize false promises, for what really is can never be. Symbols always stand ready to reveal. It is written, "You are now a disciple ready to know. Go then into the house of learning and read what is written there for thee." As we read on we will find that life and death are in its pages, but we can choose this day whom we will serve, and we can triumph through our own risen consciousness.

We can decipher the meaning of the many strange markings on our book of Life. We can open its pages and let the secrets of the grave come out. The past, the present and the future is all spread before us. We can prophecy without fear of contradiction for the blue-print of our incarnations is written in blazing letters.

Does this old history of symbolic registration suit us? Do we want any more of what we have carried yesterday and today? What is there in all this curious jungle of testimony about ourselves that we would like to have persist in our tomorrow? We can choose. And in picking out symbols of peace, power, plenty, happiness, prosperity, love and wisdom, we can combine a new symbolic selfhood, which will blaze forth the new wonder of in-dwelling royalty.

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The Last Days of Atlantis

(Continued from page 58)

Slowly, yet with the inevitableness of fate, the little band of Britons melted away under the trained arms of the foreigners. Nor, yet was it decreed that the lithe dark men should win but at a terrible price. Hundreds fell under the crushing weight of the clumsy weapons in the hands of the fierce Britons. They fell until the stone-paved street was heaped with dead and wounded, and the paving stones were wet and slippery with blood.

Breathing in great rasping gulps like some powerful beast, Red Karu fought on, desperately, unyieldingly, stubborn and savage as the wild ox of the primeval woodlands. While the fierce sun of early summer swung to his zenith, then dipped low toward the sullen Atlantic as the arc of his pathway turned back northward, the combat raged, and the great stone axe of the Briton chief smashed its eager way through bone and sinew. A combat to delight his savage soul was this last engagement of Red Karu, and he died as the sunset gilded the golden dome of the Temple of the Sun-God to a brighter flaming yellow, a slim-pointed bronze sword of Atlantis sheathed in his breast. He died hurling forth broken, brazen-throated chants of supplication to his blood-thirsty tribal deities, and eternal defiance to the enemy.

When their chief fell the remnant of the Briton tribesmen broke away. Forcing a crimson lane through the thinned ranks of the weary foe, they followed Birul, the new chief, pursued by only a handful of foreigners, who were no less eager than they to abandon the fight.

(Continued Next Month)

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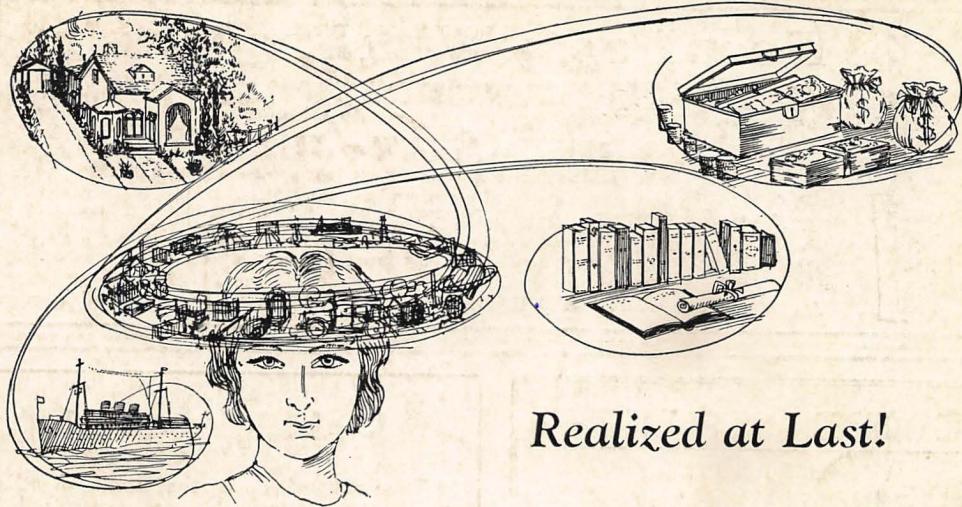
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Your Thought Pictures Turned Into Realities---

Visualizing and dreaming of the things you need in life only creates them in the mind and does not bring them into living realities of usefulness. If you can visualize easily or if there are certain definite needs in your life which you can plainly see in your mind and are constantly visualizing them as the dreams of your life, you should waste no more time in holding them in the thought world but bring them into the material world of realities. What your mind can think and create you can bring into realization if you know how. Don't waste your life and happiness that should be yours by dreaming of the things you need. Make them become your possessions and serve you.

I Have Found the Real, Simple Way

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You need not search as I had to for I will be happy to send you a fascinating book that tells a different story than any you may have ever read and it explains how you, too, may use the simple methods which I found and which have helped thousands to start new lives creating out of their mind power the things they need in life. I will be glad to send you this book called "The Light of Egypt," if you will write me personally asking for it.

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